SEPTEMBER 11

The Slate

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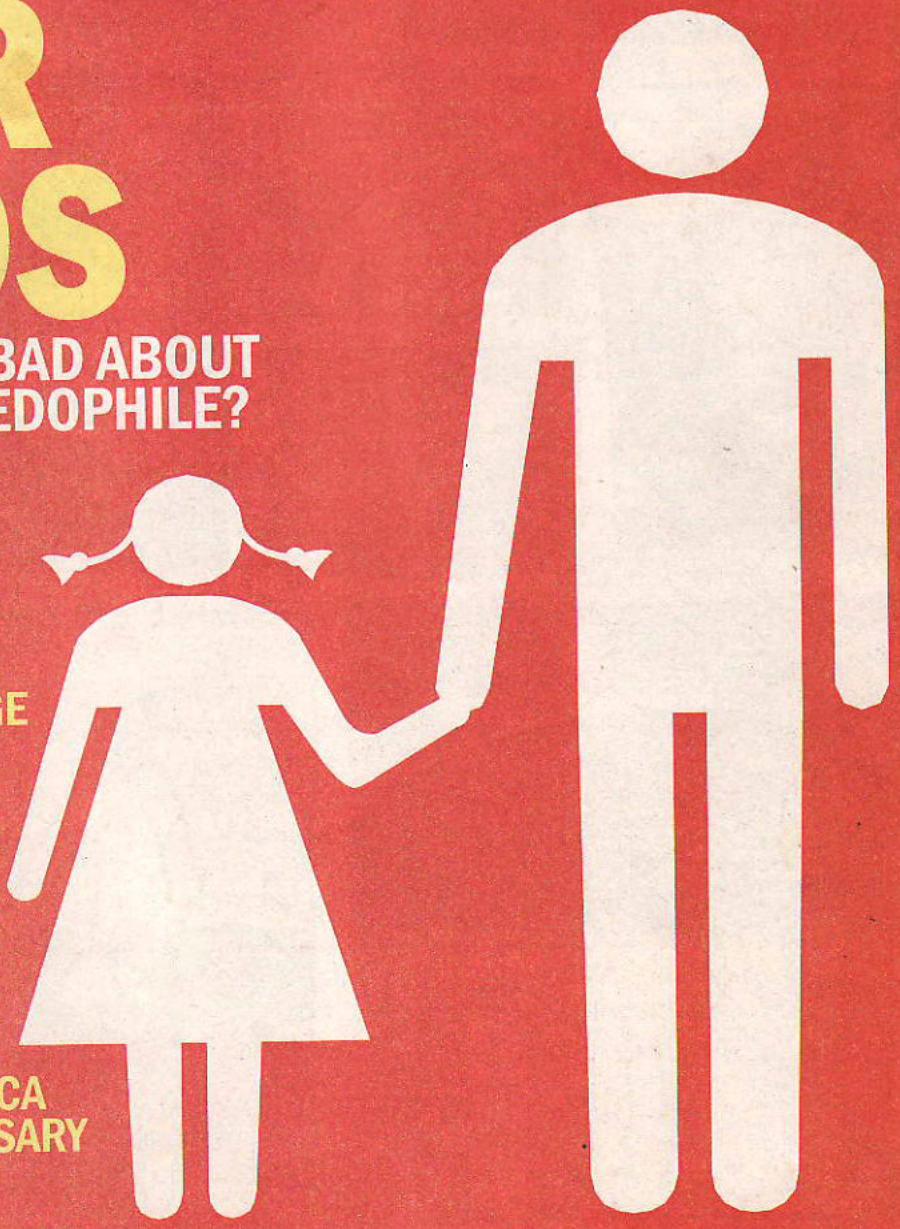
ISSUE NO 17

CRAZY FOR KIDS

WHAT'S SO BAD ABOUT BEING A PAEDOPHILE?



INSIDE: GEORGE BEST SHITS OUT HIS NEW LIVER

HOW TO PASS YOUR DRIVING TEST

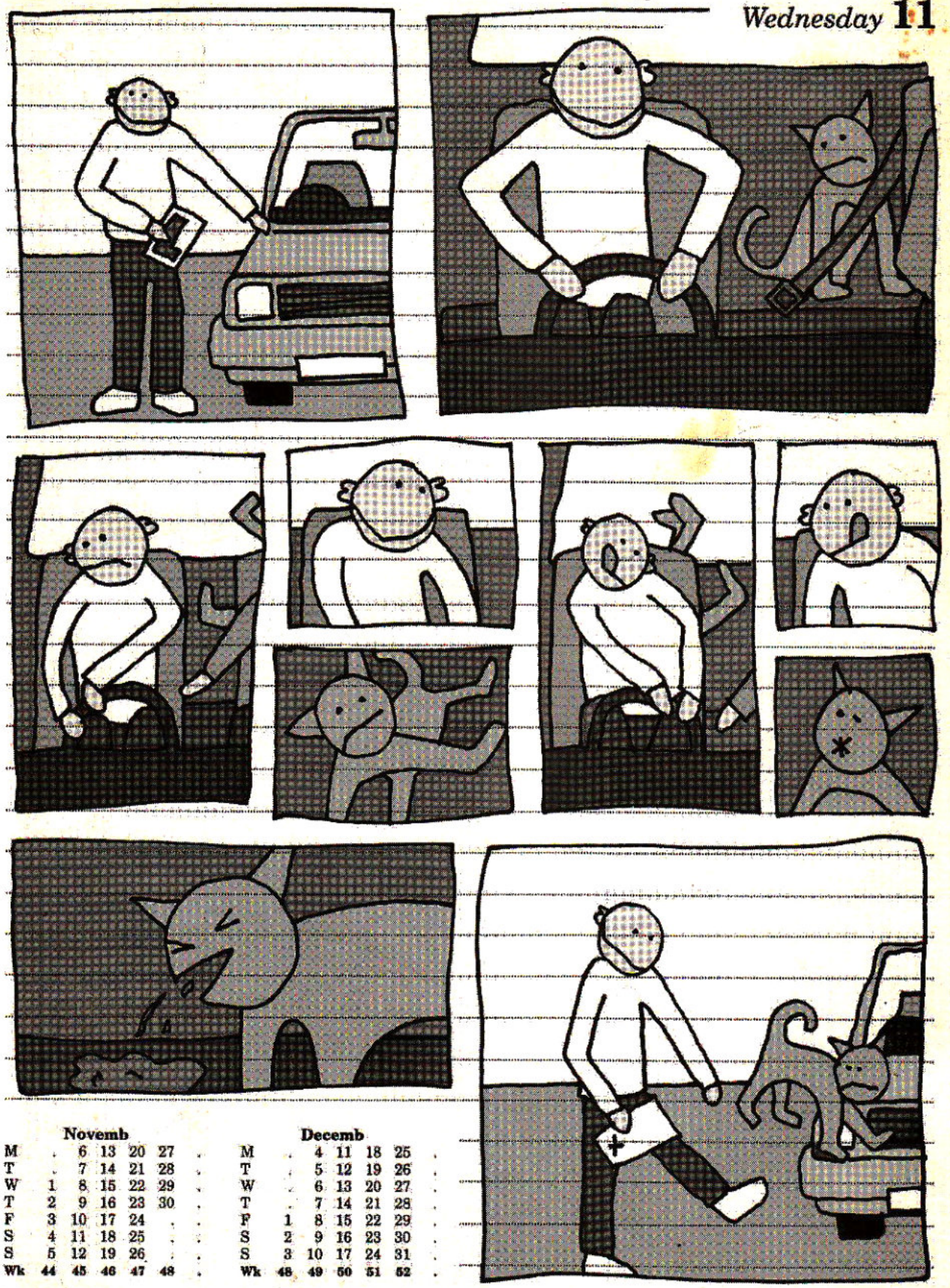
HOLLY & JESSICA OFFICIAL GLOSSARY

PLUS: THE WORST SINGERS IN IRELAND

kick the cat

gavin beattie

Wednesday **11**



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Kick the Cat appears courtesy of Big If Publications. It also appears in Toenail Clippings which is available from Tower Records, Forbidden Planet, Sub City and The Secret Book & Records Shop. It also appears once a week on **www.bigifpublications.com** - the best website ever, in the whole world...

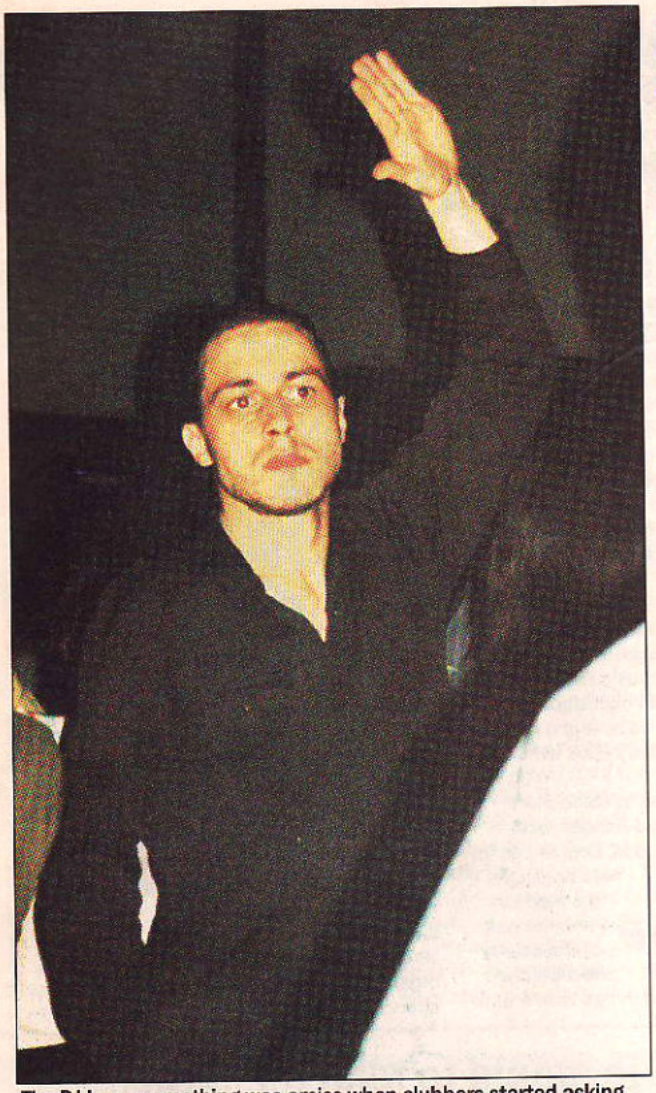
And sure enough Maxine had even brought along a bargepole to demonstrate what she wouldn't touch him with.

Sandra began to feel the balance in the relationship wasn't quite right when Tom had a beerstand fitted to her glasses.

The Jackeens wanted a party and by feck Jim Joe was going to give them one.

A rare sighting of the evil Dr Dance in a Dublin nightclub

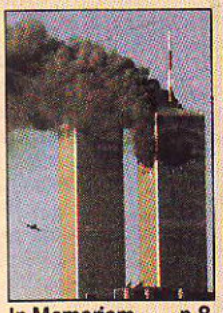
Barry from Marketing is confounded as the FHM '50 Greatest chat-up lines' fall flat.



The DJ knew something was amiss when clubbers started asking his permission to go to the toilet

THE PLEASURES OF BEING A PAEDO 14

It's not all snuff movies and dirty Christian Brothers down in the kid-loving underworld



In Memoriam p.8

THE CORRS SHIT WEDDING

The Corrs are marrying off fast and hopefully they will soon split up to spend more time with their gay husbands. All the gossip on Caroline's marriage inside p.11

TENOR TERROR

Ireland's poor reputation abroad is being further destroyed by a bunch of fake singers who look like bouncers. We analyse the Irish Tenor trade and give you plenty of excuses to attack these cunts if you see them around p.12

They're wrecking the Eurovision p.9

DRIVING GUIDE

You'll pass that poxy test with a little help from the experts at The Slate p.13

The Blackhole

Spaz Guide to Triads **Find out about the people who have apparently taken over Dublin** p.07

News Glossary **Have you heard so much about Holly and Jessica you want to puke? Then use our guide to figure out what the fuck they are all talking about** p.14

Find out how the cops called off another party p.9

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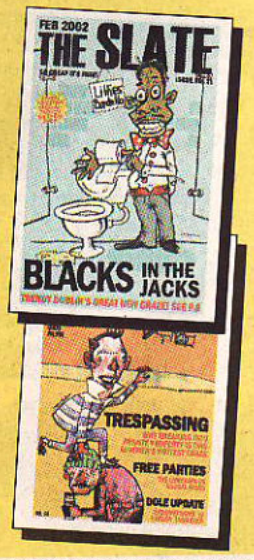

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JOKES

Popular and topical joke which will win you new friends - ideal for dinner parties:

A paedophile and a child are walking into the woods
Child: It's dark. I'm scared.
Paedo: How do you think I feel? I have to walk back on my own

Also fresh in this month the the Western hemisphere's best magazine

Q: What do John the Baptist and Winnie the Pooh have in common?
A: They both have the same middle name!

Boggers Ban Raving it Sends their Cows

Redneck panic means Lost in Leitrim loses out

A BUNCH of farmers and a local cop have put paid to Lost in Leitrim - the all-Irish dance music festival that was meant to take place later this month. The event was expected to attract as many as 5,000 ravers, but it was pulled because of objections from a number of local authority figures, including TD John Ellis, who said he was worried that the music might frighten his cows.

That the whole thing was ever close to happening may come as a surprise to many. Midland culchies are not well known for their love of dance music culture, and generally prefer going to nightclubs to settle family feuds, knock back strong booze and try to kill anybody they think is from Dublin.

One of John Ellis' cows

The brainchild of some more broad-minded local lads, Lost in Leitrim was originally planned for another part of the county called Cloone, but things took a turn for the worse there when a group of neighbouring rednecks arrived at a local council meeting. Wowing everybody with their ultra-modern world view, they warned the people of Cloone that the event would be a gathering of drug pushers, ex-convicts and vandals, and that they should keep Leitrim the way it is - wet, dull and about as much fun as getting a pitchfork in the eye.

A deadly hazard

Another location, Drumbore, was found nearby, but things were quickly foiled by fun-loving Supt. Frank Moore of Carrick on Shannon Garda station. He informed the organisers that he would be making a strong objection to the event at the court

THE WILD ROVER SHAMES US ALL

dsfpuisdpfoisdpoi sdpofi psdoif psodif posdif posdif posidpfois

Bring back the death penalty

KEITH DUFFY has let down Ireland again. Not content with acting the moron on celebrity Big Brother and playing a Plastic Paddy in Coronation St., Keet went on BBC radio last month and told the Brits that everyone in Ireland is having sex with a member of their own family.

This act of treason took place after DJ Chris Moyles made an innocent comment about incest. With no further encouragement required, Duffy announced that "this kind of thing goes on in some parts of Ireland." An embarrassing silence followed, during which Moyles was shaking his head vigorously in Keet's direction. But there was no stopping the dirty Dubliner and he decided to 'joke' that "the only reason people like going to family reunions is because they are guaranteed some action." Oh the embarrassment.

For people to stupid to read real articles

DRUGS BY NUMBERS

1 Ireland's ranking in the European narcotics table. According to a UN report on 'Global Illicit Trends,' we now smoke more hash, swally more pills, and snort more speed per capita than any other country in western Europe.

9.4 The percentage of Irish people older than 15 who smoke cannabis at least once a year, according to the same report.

2.6 The percentage of Irish people who admit to being yokeheads.

OTHER NUMBERS

27 The number of minutes the average Brit now spends on their lunch 'hour'. Watch out or Ireland could also turn into a land of misery.

€10 million. How much the state is likely to earn this year on the new plastic bag tax. Before the tax came in, there were 1.2 billion bags being given out each year. This year there will be around 200 million. The billion leftover bags will be used for wiping up stag party vomit and collecting old condoms and unwanted babies.

? How much cash do Dublin Bus make from their outrageous 'no change' policy? We'll try to find out next month. If you have any idea, email editor@theslate.ie with 'thieving busmen' as the subject.

September

Noteworthy events for your diary

Wednesday 4th

The Dail is back in action, and all the lads will be hard at work doing their best not to fall asleep in their offices. Truly a day to rejoice.

9th - 28th

The Vagina Monologues. Lots of unattractive women talking about their fannies. Featuring Biddy from Glenroe, and Anna from Big Brother.

in case Crazy

Cow loving TD John Ellis

hearing for the license. They are extremely pissed off with the way Garda Moore handled the whole thing and will be lodging a formal complaint against him.

After getting nowhere with the cops, the Lost in Leitrim posse went to Ellis, who told them that the whole community was 'up in arms' about the event and that it shouldn't happen. Although the organisers feel there is plenty of support for LIL locally, faced with objections from these high-powered arseholes they decided they could not press ahead with the event.

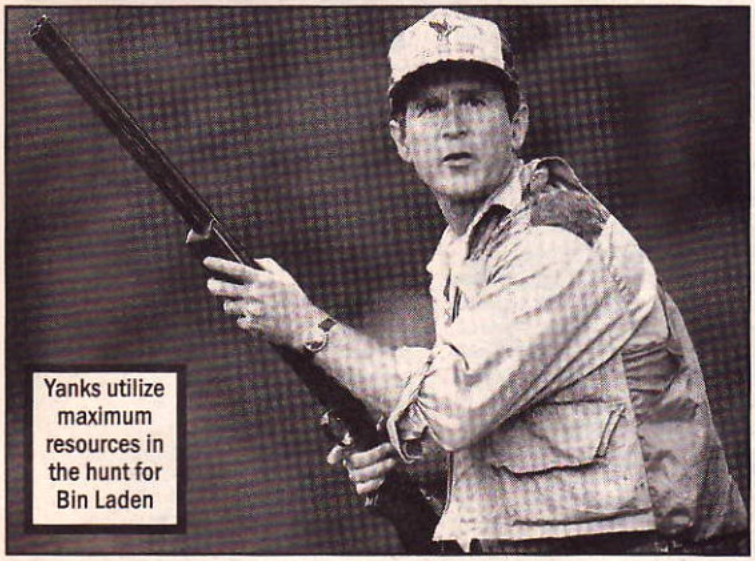
TOWER RECORDS IS UP FOR SALE

Could this mean no more mad magazines about anarchy and porn?

BOTH DUBLIN branches of Tower Records have been put on the market as the organisation tries to cut its losses before the whole chain collapses. With the yank-owned company in trouble for quite a while, rumours had been circulating about the future of the shops - one on Wicklow St. and the other in Easons, O'Connell St.

Tower was run in quite an indie kind of way, and that - combined with wildly out of date computers systems and a decent amount of inefficiency - might be one of the reasons why they're bolloxed now. In the Wicklow St. shop, local bands often played live instore gigs, and in contrast to the mega money-making HMV, promotional posters for Ronan Keating's latest attempt at an album were not to be seen plastered all over the front window of the store.

All but two of Tower's English stores have been shut down, and the remaining pair is up for sale. It seems that, if possible, the company want to sell the Irish branches off as part of a block deal with the English shops. The fact that the Dublin shops have been put up for sale (as opposed to just closed down) indicates that they are not the complete disaster that some of the Brit ones clearly were.



Yanks utilize maximum resources in the hunt for Bin Laden

September 13

Lisdoonvarna Matchmaking Festival.
Cluchies trying to get hitched

Sometime during the month

Youth orientated TV show 'Sampler' to be televised having been pulled by RTE during the summer

Spaz Guide to: Triads

DUBLIN IS no longer a safe place to live in. Apart from all the drunk GAA fans drinking Bulmers out of pots and pans and pissing all over Croke Park, a fresh scourge is hitting our Fair City. According to various media organs, Chinese Triad gangs - world beaters when it comes to heroin trafficking, violent extortion rackets and human smuggling - are making our capital about as safe as an Afghan wedding.

What is a Triad?

Triads are Chinese secret societies, mostly originating from Hong Kong. The popular notion of them is of mysterious groups of blood-thirsty orientals who like nothing better than dicing people up with meat cleavers or chaining children to radiators and beating them with plastic furniture. Many myths surround their rules of membership and initiation ceremonies which are rumoured to involve drinking cockerel's blood.

Are these myths true?

Back in the day - in about 200BC - they were. Triads were set up to overthrow unpopular rulers, and members had to take oaths which apparently saw anyone who broke them struck by five bolts lightening (which translated to reality meant your mates chopping you to pieces with their swords).

What are they like now?

Triads today are extremely loosely organised, with lower ranking members operating completely independently of their leaders. There are many Triads, including the Wo Shing Wo (who had members deported from Ireland in February), some with as many as 50,000 members. Most are not involved in serious criminal activity.

Are us Paddies in danger?

No - the criminal triad members only prey on their fellow countrymen. Since Triad crime rings were cracked down on in Hong Kong in the1960s, they've begun terrorising the ex-pat Chinese communities in New York, London and Los Angeles.

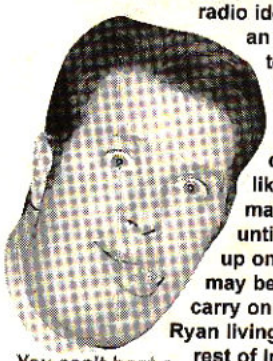
So are they active in Dublin?

There have been a few high profile incidences. The first happened about 20 years ago on Abbey St, when a Cork based gang had a stabbing match with a Dublin gang. Some of the clever Micks who were queuing for a Bruce Lee movie thought it was a promotional stunt for the film. There was also the recent melee on Parnell St when up to a hundred young Chinese lads laid into each other. However, while some of these might claim to be - legitimately or otherwise - members of Triads, the reality is that they are not organised in any kind of serious way. Mostly, you'll find a few young lads bullying students into handing over the 3,000 the student has to have in order to get their Irish entry visa.

Riding Ryan, 'Fighting' Farrell, and Luke the Bootboy

2 F(ucking) M(uch)

GERRY RYAN is at it again. The man who made a career out of unpleasant discussions about his own sex life has sunk to a new low. Ryan's latest 'mad' radio idea was to hold an orgasm contest live on air. Listeners were invited to call in and groan down the phone like injured animals for a while until Gerry hung up on them. This may be standard carry on back in the Ryan living room, but the rest of Ireland should not have to put up with it.



You can't beat a bit of cunnilingus

And there's worse to come. According to last month's listenership figures, Gerry's shameless sex antics seem to have attracted even more morons to his show. Watch out for further bawdy broadcasting from this sleazy man.

Crazy Like a Renard

THEN THERE'S Colon Farrell, Ireland's dashing new actor, who picked up a Dublin accent last year in Hollywood. Farrell and a friend of his were hanging out with some other idiots in Renard's 'celebrity' pub last month when they decided to engage in a bit of mess fighting. For some reason, the rest of the room thought that there was a real scrap on, so they all piled in and staged a mass brawl. Unfortunately, Farrell ran out the back door and escaped without a scratch.

Put a Kork in it

KORKY'S SHOE shop has spawned another monster. First it was Ronan Keating, the former lickspittle who became an annoying pop star. Now this idiot factory has given us Luke Thomas, some kind of male version of Samantha Mumba.

Booty Luke

A PROUD NATION OF WASTERS

IRISH WORKERS ARE SAYING 'UP YOURS BOSS' SO THEY CAN SPEND THEIR SHIFTS HAVING LOTS OF FUN ON THE INTERNET

Fuck Bill Gates

MOST PEOPLE who are unfortunate enough to have a job know that the period of time between arriving there and going home must be spent as unproductively as possible. Picking your nose, making cups of coffee you don't want, and walking in circles around the water dispenser are good ways of making the hours pass. But the internet is where the real action is. Hours can disappear while you flit around different search engines, not looking for anything in particular, but still managing to find more and more extreme genres of pornography.

The bad news is that employers, like a modern day Gestapo, have started making moves to stamp out this kind of carry-on. Anyone who works in Dell, Microsoft or other large American companies will be familiar with the spying culture that the yanks are into. Your movements around the internet (not to mention any cheerful emails about how many pills you took over the weekend) are probably being closely watched by some nosey parker in fucking Atlanta with nothing better to do.

The good news, however, is that Irish people are standing up to this bullshit and using the internet for personal use more than anyone else in Europe. Recruitment company monster.ie did a survey last month which found that 70% of Irish employees use their work computers to email friends every day. You wouldn't think this was a particularly impressive return, but only the fun-loving Dutch managed to score as highly. There is still a chickenshit brigade of 9% who say they don't use email at work because they are afraid of losing their jobs. But the rest of the Irish workforce can be commended on not bowing to the tyranny of these work-crazed yanks who have taken over our economy.

Let your boss know who's in charge with the following tips for using the internet at work

- Make sure your manager knows you are online all day by sending him an abusive email every half hour
- Download a different pornographic screensaver once a week
- Get some high quality speakers for your computer and then play loud online games from 3 o'clock every afternoon until you go home
- Find out how to make those phone calls over the internet and then have gregarious conversations with your mates in New Zealand as often possible

Eurovision disaster

THIS COUNTRY'S GREAT TRADITION IS DEAD FOREVER

FIRST WE were kicked out of the Eurovision because Gary O'Shaughnessy sang as if he had a cat scraping his rectum. Now we are back in, but a greater shame awaits. Instead of our usual representation of a drunk old cabaret singer, someone who looks like a paedophile, or a band of inbred types from Offaly, Ireland's next Eurovision entry will be a little Louis Walsh-style shit.

The old-style Eurosong selection process - involving heavy boozing, lots of sex for votes, and a collection of judges who didn't bother listening to the music - is out the door. Instead, our fate will be in the hands of a Popstars-type competition called You're a Star. This bullshit will be screened on RTE for 20 weeks, at the end of which some prats like Six will be left as our representatives.

Give us back our song contest you cunt

In the past, Ireland could congratulate itself on the fact that, even though we had sent out the most dysfunctional people in the country to do battle for us, we still managed to see off the Krauts, Frogs, Danes, and all those other countries who aren't even EU members. Now, though, it will be obvious that we are taking the whole thing seriously, and the rest of Europe will point and laugh at us.

SEX SURVEYS SHOW DUBS LOVE DICK

Irish women are sluts but claim the Brits are worse

A SERIES of articles about the sex lives of Irish people has shocked the nation and should have every right-thinking person calling for sex outside marriage to be punishable by stoning.

A survey carried out by some company called Behaviour and Attitudes Marketing Research has revealed that Dublin women are sluts and will happily hop into bed with anyone on the first date, but that their tight country counterparts are nowhere near as accommodating. This in itself is a terrible bombshell, but some of the survey's other findings were even more bizarre. Apparently, 2/3 of Dublin women are addicted to buying clothes, with a further 50% being hooked on the smell of shoe leather.

Gospel Truth

While this last finding might cast a few doubts on the study, it didn't stop the Irish Mirror from rushing off and running a feature lead by the headline "Getting Sex is as easy as ordering a pint" immediately after they got a look at the results. The Mirror also decided to do their own highly scientific survey - which involved interviewing about two people - but their findings were a little more predictable.

The average Dublin male is considered about as useful in the sack as a dead rabbit, while the Dublin woman is quick to deflect attention away from her own lasciviousness. "I don't think the Irish girls are as bad as the British," said one. "They are complete sluts when they come over here. They're there with basically no clothes on and advertising across their chests that because they are on a hen weekend they want to get laid - if you pardon the pun. I think us Irish girls have a long way to go downhill yet until we reach their level."

Just before the chocolate dildos come out

"Caroline looked hor all the guest were a

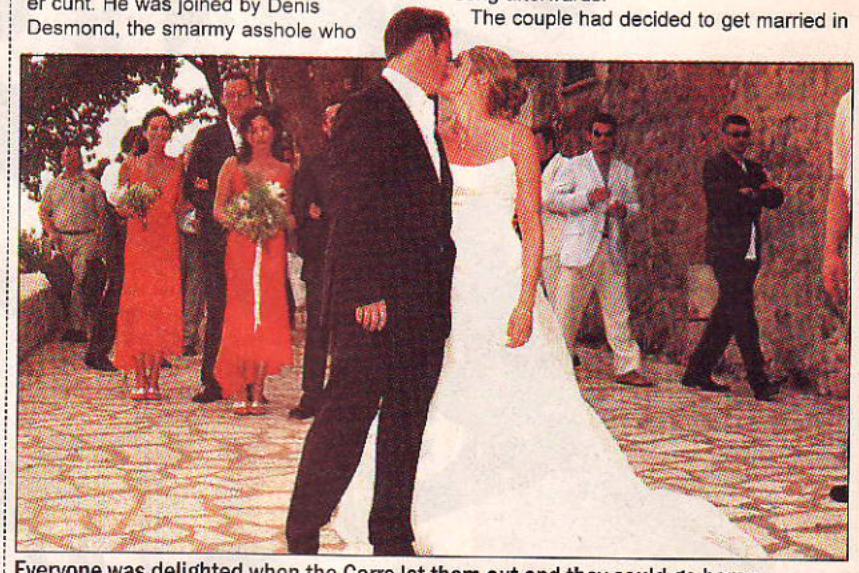
Eyewitness says that Corrs wedding is even worse than their music

THE CORRS put on a magnificent wedding last month. The ceremony was held in Majorca, but practically every dickhead in Ireland still managed to turn up for it.

Bono was there, grimacing away in his stupid sunglasses as Caroline (the drummer) got hitched to some property developer cunt. He was joined by Denis Desmond, the smarmy asshole who runs MCD and, by extension, has an unpleasant stranglehold on the Dublin gig scene. Another guest of honour was balding DJ Tony Fenton. No doubt he spent most of the evening regaling guests with tales of his adventures on a motorbike in South County Dublin.

Caroline's bridesmaids were her freakish-looking sisters, Andrea and Sharon, and the whole thing was no doubt celebrated with a few drinks and an appalling sing song afterwards.

The couple had decided to get married in


Everyone was delighted when the Corrs let them out and they could go home

Chicken's take a Lickin'

Locals not ready for the Ranch

IT'S BEEN a bad month for lapdancing in Ireland. First Bunnies - the only masturbation club in Temple Bar - received an unfriendly visit from some members of the Continuity IRA. Then, further afield in Kildare, the notorious Chicken Ranch was run out of town by some straight-laced locals. The 'Ranch' was set up with the intention of attracting busloads of horny Midlands farmers every night. Unfortunately the club had been opened in Milltown - a small village with one pub, one church, one shop, and a load of locals who didn't want an agricultural sex show on their doorstep. This meant that the farmers, arriving in a state of great excitement, had to fight their way into the building past a picket line of irate grannies and members of the local clergy. Eventually the Ranch owners decided enough was enough and they decamped to somewhere with looser morals last month.

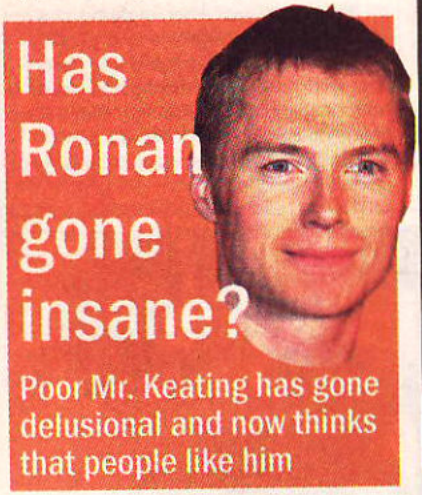
Recent scenes from the Milltown dole queue

rible and nnoying"

some remote village on Majorca so that they could "avoid the glare of the media," but somehow, every rag in Ireland managed to get hold of close-up posed-looking photographs of the bride and groom. All of the band are now married expect Andrea, who will probably get hitched soon, and Jim, who will never find a wife.

Jim Bore

And for all you fashionistas out there, Caroline wore a white dress that made her look like a trog. Her husband didn't even bother wearing a bowtie, which would seem to indicate that he's not taking the marriage seriously at all.



"Guys never came up to me on the street and shook me hand and said 'nice one'. They would be putting their fingers in the air across the street and calling me names when I was in Boyzone."

On the completely justifiable abuse he has received from members of the Irish public.

"It was fine and we all accepted that but as soon as I became a solo artist guys came up to me and said I love your single."

Ronan reveals that some Irish males have obviously lost their marbles in the last couple of years. Or is he lying?

TERRIBLE TENORS

"From a land rich with wit, charm, music and dance comes the fine tradition of the Irish tenor. Whether it's the haunting beauty of Danny Boy, the warm sentimentality of Galway Bay, or the sweet simplicity of the lullaby Too-ra-loo-ra, the great tenors of Ireland have the ability to stir the heart."

This kind of shit sounds about as enjoyable as having to go back to school and do your Leaving Cert again. And yet several groups of tuxedoed idiots are making a fortune by traveling around the world singing in falsetto voices about what a bonny bonny place Ireland is.

The Celtic Tenors, the Irish Tenors, The Three Irish Tenors...unfortunately these are not just different terms of abuse for the same musical catastrophe. They are actually three separate ensembles who wouldn't be let into a Feis Ceol, but have decided to go around peddling unpleasant versions of Irish music to anyone who will listen to them.

The Three Irish Tenors

They are young. They are dynamic. They are three D4 dicks who sing a medley of fake Irish songs about emigrants who want to come home. The ridiculous quote above appeared on the Madison Civic Center website, advertising an upcoming T.I.T. gig. Thankfully, the organisers had the decency to add that "children under the age of six will not be admitted to this performance" - presumably so that T.I.T. would not be added to some kind of register of people who have traumatised children. But what about the rest of the audience?

The people above are not bouncers - they are from an even less pleasant species

They have to sit through an evening of these golden-voiced Southsiders catterwauling away about the green green grass of home, when the closest they ever got to an open field was the time some jock threw their boat shoes onto the rugby pitch.

The Celtic Tenors

The Celtic Tenors' Unique Selling Point is that, unlike other fuddy-duddy tenors, they have ditched the dress suits and bow ties and gone for a more 'informal' look. Unfortunately, this look is deeply offensive, and if there was any justice in the world, they would all be struck down by lightning tomorrow. The Celtics all look a bit like Jim Corr, and tend to go around in long flowing leather jackets, with blue polo necks underneath. Photo shoots are usually arranged in the style of Boyzone, with manly draping of arms around fellow bandmates' shoulders going on. Absolute cunts.

The Irish Tenors

This group is made up of the kind of middle-aged men who turn up at your parents' dinner party, laugh at their own jokes, and stop everyone else from having conversations by bursting loudly into song every few minutes. One of them has no legs, and won loads of medals at the Special Olympics, and that would appear to be the only thing that the Irish Tenors have to say about themselves.

Random bits of celeb nonsense

The Slate is No. 1 when it comes to hot gossip

LIKE SINEAD O'Connor and other famous Irish maniacs, Shane Lynch has finally turned to religion. The man who once proudly declared "I don't give a fuck about anything," was last month telling tabloids that "I have found God and got away from the dark side." Clearly suffering from some mental illness, Shane announced that "drinking is evil, sex is evil - the whole showbiz industry is an evil thing. I went over to the dark side and got carried away with it." Unfortunately this may mean an end to exciting episodes like: Shane's attack on Puff Daddy at the MTV awards; his foul-mouthed performance at a Childline gig, where he gave kids the finger with one hand and grabbed his balls with the other; and his regular threats to give Ronan Keating a few slaps. Nowadays, Shane is full of apologies for his bad behaviour and promises to be nice from now on. "I even pray every day now and I go to church - not often enough - but at least I go sometimes."

Come back the old Shane, all is forgiven

Taking the Chris

CHRIS DE BURGH is releasing an album called Timing is Everything on September 13th. Loverat Chris, who famously shagged his nanny, has included tracks called Guilty Secret and If Beds Could Talk on the new record. He claims it's because he "wants to be a little bit cheeky".

Room for improvement

THAT DICKHEAD Michael Flatley has spent 30 grand on a bedroom in his new house in Cork. Hopefully he will stay in it masturbating all day instead of coming out to annoy the locals.

Michael Flatliner

SUCCESSFUL DRIVING GUIDE

Let The Slate teach you how to be King of the Roads

DUBLINERS ARE queuing up like Palestinians at a bomb factory to go for their driving test at the moment. This is hardly surprising, seeing as driving cars here is such fabulous fun: you get to pollute the atmosphere even more than it is already; everybody drives around pissed; and you will get stuck in heavy traffic the instant you leave your driveway.

However, large numbers of us seem to fail our test at least once, which is mysterious seeing as most qualified drivers seem to have about as much natural driving ability as Stevie Wonder. We here at The Slate have taken it upon ourselves to give you a 100% guaranteed, foolproof method for getting your test first time round.

You must know the rules of the road inside out. Here are the answers to some of the most commonly asked questions.

When is it advisable to dip the headlights of your vehicle?

a. If you think it might annoy other drivers
b. When passing a funeral cortege
c. When robbing a house

When is it permissable to overtake on the lefthandside?

a. If you are left-handed
b. When under the influence of alcohol and you spot a squad car behind you
c. On your birthday

What do you do if you see a Garda standing in the middle of a junction with his arm up?

Surely not!

a. Slow down
b. Speed up
c. Stop your vehicle, step out and put your hands in the air

Now for some tips on how to become the Ayrton Senna of the Irish motorways: Dirtbag cyclists have now been given their own special lanes after much complaining and giving out, so if one of these annoying bastards strays out into the real road, be sure and mow him down. Also bear in mind that pedestrians have no right to be on the road except when crossing at a red light. To disencourage this kind of carry-on, advance quickly towards any miscreants with your lights flashing and your horn beeping loudly. That way they'll have plenty of warning and there will be no excuses if they get knocked dead by your speeding vehicle.

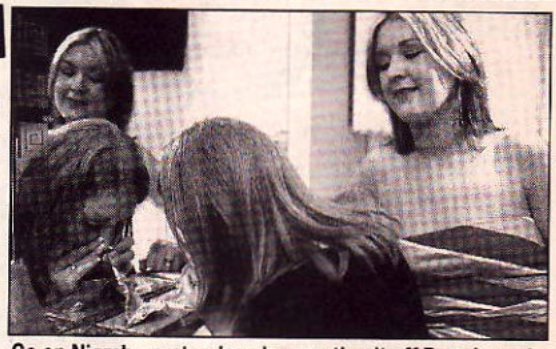
SOAP SPECIAL!

Coke in Carrigstown stuns the nation

What's happening to Fair City? Not so long ago, viewers knew exactly what to expect when they tuned into the RTE soap: three old lads sitting around the pub grumbling about their indigestion.

Now there are still no storylines but, all of a sudden, Carrigstown has been turned into a carnival of sin. In our last issue, we exposed how a black man had arrived in Fair City - and the plot bosses had given him free reign to go around having sex with every woman in the area. Regular viewers were just recovering from the shock of this, when some more unnatural behaviour started creeping in to the show.

Niamh has always been a nasty piece of goods - remember her sluttish schoolgirl affair with teacher Barry (it nearly cost the poor man his job) - so it's no surprise to see her in trouble again. This red-haired hussy has teamed up with evil Orla, and the pair of them have taken to flying around town on benders, stuffing coke up their noses. Poor Jimmy, who is supposed to be going out with Orla, was left sadly observing that the pair of them looked like they were "wired to the moon". He's not far wrong, and if the story-writers don't get their act together soon, Fair City will soon have lost all credibility.



Go on Niamh - pretend you're snorting it off Barry's cock

Tabloid Watch

She wants your Celtic gold

THIS MONTH, it is yet again the fat perverts who run Tony O'Reilly's upstanding Sunday World that have set the standard against which all other tabloids must compete. Continuing in its quest to help out the global community's underprivileged minorities, the SW has chosen the women of Ghana as the lucky subjects of their latest expose.

Ghana is a sub-Saharan country which seems only to be popular with international mining companies who dig up villages, wreck farms and then export any gold they find as quickly as possible. Most of the natives live in rank poverty and thus many of them are anxious to get the fuck out of the place.

This is where the heroic Sunday World stepped in - they invited some Ghanaian women to send them letters and photographs of themselves on the promise that they'd try and find husbands for them. But when a 'deluge' of letters arrived the SW hacks forgot that they were supposed to be helping the women and ran an article depicting them as sex mad sluts who are only interested in robbing Irish men of their money and breaking their hearts. "My hobbies include oral sex, hot letters and nude pictures" ran the headline alongside snaps sent in by various ladies. Some of the women promised their future Irish husbands sexual favours, much to the delight of the SW. They made this the basis of the whole article, with choice lines such as '"They're black and they're beautiful, and if you're a red-blooded Irishman, they want you in bed" littered throughout.

Just to make sure that nobody but the most desperate, squint-eyed Cavan cattle dealer will be writing back to the girls, The Sunday World has been sure to plant the seeds of doubt in the mind of the paranoid Irish public as to the authenticity of their love of Irish men. "But is it romance the randy Ghanaians are after - or just a free ride on the Celtic Tiger?".

More black bitchez

HOLLY AND JESSICA
the official glossary

Confused by mad media treatment of the Soham murders? This language guide will sort you out.

There was so much coverage of the Holly and Jessica murders last month that nobody really gave a shit what had happened to them by the end of it all. If you only tuned in from time to time, you may have been surprised by the fact that plain use of the English language went out the window, and some words took on entirely new meanings

Charged with attempting to pervert the course of justice ... *Guilty of rape and murder, should be electrocuted.*

Dramatic Development ... *Policeman walks around the outside of Ian Huntley's house and doesn't say anything to the press.*

Crisis Point ... *No police statements or interviews with concerned locals for more than two hours*

Fair Game ... *anyone who is related to Maxine Carr or Ian Huntley*

Stone ... *something to throw at Maxine Carr's mother if you see her in the street*

Egg ... *throw at any vehicle you suspect might be carrying one of the guilty parties, while screaming 'murderer' at the top of your voice, and making sure that you are well within range of the assembled cameramen.*

Look at these stupid Brits

Innocent until proven guilty ... *Token statement made by Sky News when they are not exploring Ian Huntley's past to find out why he turned into an evil psychopath.*

Sectioned under the Mental Health Act ... *That bastard thinks he can get away with this*

A concerned group of local parents ... *A baying mob of savages*

Justifiable anger ... *Violent rage, no concern for the law*

Public Opinion ... *What people who are sad enough to ring Sky News think*

MOST IMPORTANT QUOTE:

"When we first had sex I was overwhelmed by the fumes of his cheap deodorant." *Emma Fish, ex-girlfriend of Ian Huntley, In the News of the World, 25/8/02*

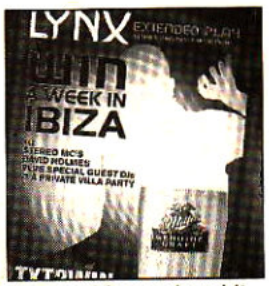
Ad of the Month: Lynx Extended Play

Never send a text to any fucking company. You will regret it forever

What they're trying to get you to do: **Buy their latest skunk-like odour, and text them your mobile phone number and personal details so they can build up a nice database of fools whose phones they will spam with nonsense about how Lynx is the most important thing in club culture since the advent of E.**

How they're trying to get you to do it: **By texting their number you get to enter this great competition - they fly the winner over to Brit-infested Ibiza, widely known as one of the worst places on earth. Once landed, the 'prize' is hanging around with a whole load of superstar DJs with egos the size of the empire state building whose sole interests are taking strong cocaine and shagging big titted models - not hang around with some ugly Irish person.**

Here's the really sneaky part: **If you enter the competition, the only way to avoid having Lynx bombarding your phone with useless promotional guff is to text 'No' to that same number instead of your name. Conveniently though, this is hidden at the very bottom of the ad where nobody will notice. Furthermore the ad, as printed in Dubfly (a largely unknown Irish dance music magazine aimed at illiterate ecstasy addicts), came out so badly that this crucial bit of text was completely illegible.**



Beware this cunning shit

Is it really so strange?

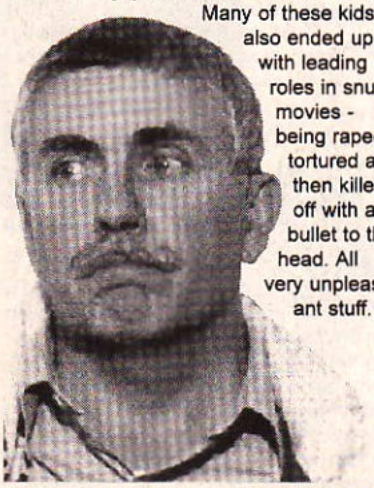
There may be more to paedophilia than sick perverts prowling the web and mad rapists kidnapping kids for use in snuff movies

BEING A paedophile is not the most popular sexual habit these days. In times gone by, sex with kids was often tolerated by society, and in some civilizations, adults were fully expected to introduce youngsters to the sexual arts. But nowadays, riding children is strictly not on.

This is hardly surprising, when you consider all the bad press paedophiles get.

A recent Guardian series on the evils of paedophilia exposed a group of Amsterdam-based paedophiles who were stealing kids off the streets of Eastern Europe and trading them 'under the counter' in gay brothels back in Holland.

Many of these kids also ended up with leading roles in snuff movies - being raped, tortured and then killed off with a bullet to the head. All very unpleasant stuff.



I'm for paedophilia, says Tom O'Carroll

Constant association with the Catholic Church probably doesn't help the cause either. The typical role model for an up and coming paedophile is not very inspiring - usually some smelly old priest being led out of a courtroom with a copy of The Star over his head.

This bad press can often spill over into the realm of the surreal. With the Brits generally prone to letting mob rule take hold, ridiculous casualties are the order of the day over there. In recent years, a paediatrican (children's doctor) was chased out of her home by screaming lunatics, and a pedicurist (foot doctor) was burned to death in his house.

To say that paedophilia is under siege is a fair enough comment, so it's hardly surprising that most paedophiles keep their inclinations to themselves. Rather than 'coming out' and then watching as the Sunday World lynch mob get going outside the family residence, many paedophiles will lead a life of subterfuge and pretence, only breaking the silence when the chance arises for a quick grope with some surprised child at a family gathering.

However, there is a small group of vocal paedophiles, who congregate on websites to talk about the situation they have found themselves in, and occasionally campaign for paedophile rights. One of the most prominent members of this group, Tom O'Carroll, was jailed last month for trying to import pictures of naked and scantily clad children into Britain. O'Carroll got nine months and was added to the sex offenders' register - not the first time that his public paedophilia had got him in trouble.

O'Carroll has been fighting for the cause of paedophilia since the 70s, when he was one of the main protagonists in the Paedophile Information Exchange - a widely-hated organisation that, in O'Carroll's words, acted as a "vigorous and controversial campaigning group". For

him, membership involved agitating for abolition of the age of consent, trying to put paid to censorship of child porn, and other activities which would make you few friends down at the golf club.

He also wrote a book called Paedophilia: the Radical Case, which is unlikely to have received much coverage during his trial last month. In it, O'Carroll talks about his life as a 'boy-lover' and argues that paedophilia is just another sexual orientation (like being gay or straight) rather than some perverted sickness whose victims have to be either cured, or thrown in prison for life. The book is written in a surprisingly balanced tone (far more rational than some of the insane shit that usually gets written about paedophiles in the media), and discusses paedophilia from a viewpoint which you will almost never come across in the mainstream press.

Large tracts of the book dealt with O'Carroll's own personal experiences as a paedophile. It did not take him long to realise that he didn't have a particularly conventional sex life ahead of him - randy schoolboy urges towards younger students providing some early clues.

For a while, though, O'Carroll still took the mainstream view of his paedophilia. He agreed with the family doctor that it was just a phase he was going through and, with enough exposure to women and 'normal' sex, he'd soon get it together and stop fantasizing about pre-teen boys. What followed was a succession of desperate attempts to have sexual relations with adult women (including a brief engagement), all of which ended in miserable failure.

"I never did find a skinny, boyish, flat-breasted one," he writes. "In a way it would have been cheating. Instead, I tried desperately hard to find something exciting about women's breasts (put yourself in my position: try, for a moment, to get excited about little boys' penises)."

It didn't work and, after getting a history degree from Cambridge, O'Carroll started teaching English at a comprehensive school, where he "counted thirty-three boys from my ten classes, all of whom I was in love with to some degree". It was his affection for one particular student which destroyed O'Carroll's career and made him realise that being a self-confessed "lover of boys" wasn't going to have him cruising onto the Queen's Honours List in a hurry.

"Chris was rather special," he wrote about the object of his fatal attraction. "Beautiful, but not by any means the most compellingly sexy boy I knew, in a direct physical sense. The attraction lay in his seductiveness, which grew as he learnt how much I cared for him."

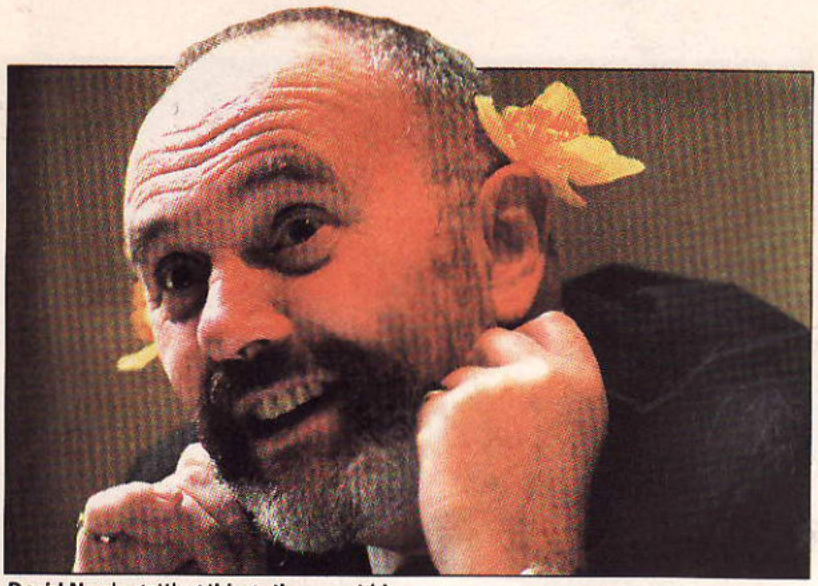
During one set of summer holidays, O'Carroll had a number of opportunities to visit his pupil at home, with Chris's parents suspecting nothing more than a healthy interest in their son's development.

"He'd invite me up to his bedroom, covered with pictures of football players and other heroes, and we would play chess. These out-of-school links established what he clearly came to recognise as a 'special friendship' by the time I resumed work at his school again. He came to know that I loved him. Many a nuance of conversation and gesture told me beyond doubt that he was well aware that he held my heart in his hands, and was happy for it to be that way.

"But to actually say it, to actually tell him that I loved him, was another thing, as well I knew. Rightly or wrongly, I did exactly that. I enjoined no secrecy on him, and, as I fully expected, he talked about it with his parents. In my naivety I had supposed they would understand. I believed they would continue to think of me as they had before. As a friend to Chris. As a positive influence."

Needless to say, Chris's family went completely mad when they found out that their son was being serenaded by his English teacher. With amazing misjudgment, O'Carroll tried to rationalise his position to them. "I made an attempt to persuade Chris's parents that they had nothing to fear from me." Not surprisingly, this approach didn't go down too well - in fact it "only made matters worse" and the school's headmaster was soon asking for his resignation.

At this stage, O'Carroll realised that most of society thought his attraction to young boys was absolutely disgusting. He soon lost his naivety, but this didn't stop him trying to convince people that children were more ready for sex than they may have thought. A common thread in paedophile ideology is that children develop sexual instincts far earlier than popular opinion (and the law) gives them credit for. The usual description of children as 'innocent angels' (especially when they have been victims of some crime) is one that most paedophiles would take issue with. Not that they think that all kids are total brats -



David Norris getting things thrown at him

just that they are not an entirely different species to their sexualised, adult parents.

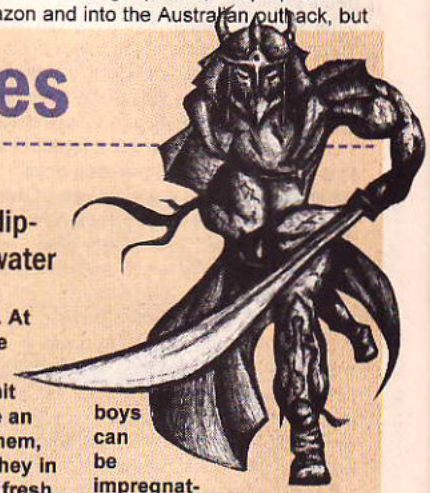
To anyone with a pair of eyes, it is plainly obvious that teenagers are riding the hole off each other in youth discos long before they reach the legal age of consent. But O'Carroll and other outspoken paedophiles would claim that there is more scientific evidence to say that kids are sexualised from a young age.

He goes back to Freud who said that "no child - none at least who is mentally sound, still less one who is mentally gifted, can avoid being occupied with sexual problems in the years before puberty." Problems, of course, being the late 19th Century term of choice for anything to do with sex that wasn't purely functional.

And Alfred Kinsey, who's post-war study of sex habits is possibly the most comprehensive of its type, chimed in to say that "orgasm has been observed in boys of every age from five months to adolescence." And also, "orgasm is in our records for a female babe of four months."

O'Carroll argues that there is a moral consensus which is keeping child sexuality off the agenda when it comes to TV, education, art, etc. The fact, for example, that Greek men were expected to hang around with young boys and routinely dropped the hand on them is ignored in most popular coverage of Ancient Greece (see panel below for more on societies who are into child sex). "Have you ever seen a TV documentary on child sex?" he asks. "Cameras and crews have been to all the right places, deep up the Amazon and into the Australian outback, but

Child sex in other cultures



For thousands of years, various societies have tolerated and approved of transgenerational love, the like of which would have you pursued by raging lynch mobs today.

Kids and sex are not always viewed as a combination which need to be separated by dipping somebody's genitalia dipped in boiling water

The Ancient Greeks

Perhaps most famously, the Ancient Greeks were a society in which man-boy love was seen as a healthy thing. Bisexuality was the norm for men, and it was considered as natural to find an adolescent male attractive as it was a woman. Sexual relations between adult men was held up to ridicule.

What marked a youth out as ready for 'paiderastia' was the ability to 'think for himself'. These relationships were not just sexual - the Greek male was expected to be available for both friendship and love to worthy boys.

The Samurai

Wakashudo, 'The Way of Youth' was as much a part of Samurai culture as was slicing the fuck out of opponents in battle. The setup was very similar to Greek customs which were established thousands of years before - older warriors developing sexual relationships with their young apprentices and the whole arrangement being viewed as fine and dandy.

One difference was that instead of the man courting the boy as was practiced in Athens, the youngsters pursued the warriors, and the courtship was expected to last for up to five years.

Tribes of Papua New Guinea

The sexual practices of the Papuan Sambian tribe has been of interest to anthropologists since the late 1960s. Young boys between the ages of seven and ten are taken from their parents and tutored by older boys and men. One of the most important rituals in the rites of passage of these children was the fellation of their masters on a regular basis. This was done because semen was seen as being as important as food and water to the boys' livelihood. At first, the blowjobs were viewed as 'work' by the boys, but as they hit adolescence it became an erotic experience for them, and as they matured, they in turn were fellated by a fresh group of youngsters.

Another Papuan tribe takes a similar approach, but for the Keraki, sodomy is the sex act of choice when it comes to intergenerational carry-on. Youngsters are initiated at something called a Bull Roarer ceremony - an all-male affair during which they are rogered by one of the tribe's bachelors. The tribesmen believe that the boys cannot grow properly without getting this treatment, and it goes on for twelve months. Once the year is over, the boys themselves have qualified as bachelors, and are allowed to dole out the sodomy to other youngsters on the way up. The Keraki are also under the impression that boys can be impregnated as a result of sodomy, so a lime-eating ceremony is performed to stop this from happening.

Lepcha tribe in India

The Lepcha tribe in India are happy enough to let their young boys and girls get busy with each other from a very early age. One study found that their play "characteristically involves many forms of mutual masturbation and usually ends in attempted copulation. By the time they are eleven or twelve years old, most girls regularly engage in full intercourse. Older men occasionally copulate with girls as young as eight years of age." Apparently this is seen as ok.

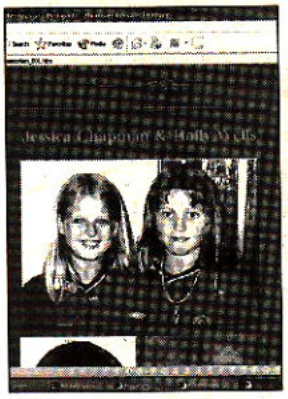
Girl Lovers' grief over Holly and Jessica

Paedophiles are usually presented as calculating deviants who have a frenzied addiction to raping and murdering children. In fact, a look at their responses to the deaths of Holly Wells and Jessica Chapman shows that these people are are just as stupid, annoying and sentimental as anyone else. (all taken from www.gigarden.org)

"My thoughts go out to the family and friends of Holly and Jessica, especially both sets of parents. I don't think any of us could know how it feels for them. This shows the difference between true paedophiles (who love children) and the media's 'paedophiles' (who should be termed paedophobes, for they hate children)." posted by Low Litre Lover

"as a girl lover, I am sickened by the abduction, molestation and rape of young girls. Indeed, I am opposed to any coercion or manipulation of young girls and believe that anybody who abuses a girl or engages with her in sexual relations without her full and informed consent should be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law." posted by bereshith (Holly and Jessica's parents will be delighted to hear that their daughters have now been added to bereshith's memorial site for missing girls)

"i'd like to know who all those idiots were, hanging around and shouting outside the courtroom where maxine carr was appearing? their day of glory? even 30 years hence, proudly showing off videos of themselves



bereshith's memorial page

on television news? do they make pilgrimages to all sensational murder trials (and ancilliary proceedings) so they can voice public protests - even before facts have been established?" posted by a more sensible commentator called the moon

Surprisingly enough, quite a lot of these paedophiles are into the death sentence for some reason.

"I would like to make a political statement in favor of reinstating public executions for certain crimes - the kidnapping, rape and murder of a child certainly merits my attention..." posted by Heuristic

"it looks like the bastard they arrested is going to plead Mental Illness. I dona't [sic] know how the law is in the UK, but here in the US, Mental Illness is getting harder to use as a defense. Does anyone know what the method of execution was before they banned executions? The lethal injection most states in the US use is too easy, it's just like going to sleep and not waking up." posted by Photo 1

they never report on what the scholars know about juvenile sex."

Other paedophiles argue that the onset of puberty in the UK has been dropping rapidly during the last century and a half - from an average 16.5 years for females and 17.5 for males in 1840, to 11.9 and 13.1 years repectively in 1993.

And if kids don't get the practise when they first feel the urges early on, argues O'Carroll, they are more likely to have problems with sex in later life. "[I]f the learning process is set in motion in childhood, by a gradual introduction to sex, either by older children or by adults, there is far less likelihood of the embarrassed crashing of gears involved in trying to get it all together in one go."

Among contemporaries, O'Carroll is not completely isolated in adopting this standpoint. Well-known gay campaigner, Peter Tatchell got involved in the debate when he reviewed a book on paedophilia for the Guardian newspaper in 1997. Dares to Speak, he said, "challenges the assumption that all sex involving children and adults is abusive. I think it is courageous." He presumably heard the sound of knives being sharpened at this stage, but continued to say that "several of my friends - gay and straight, male and female - had sex with adults from the ages of nine to 13. None feel they were abused. All say it was their conscious choice and gave them great joy."

Gay Irish senator David Norris took a similar (if milder) stance earlier this year when interviewed by Magill magazine. "In terms of classic paedophilia, as practised by the Greeks for example, where it is an older man introducing a younger man or boy to adult life, I think that there can be something to be said for it."

He went on to say that, although he himself doesn't find young boys attractive, "when I was younger...I would have greatly relished the prospect of an older, attractive, mature man taking me under his wing, lovingly introducing me to sexual realities...and teaching me about life. Yes, I think that would be lovely; I would have enjoyed that."

Norris also agreed that the media hysterically tars all paedophiles and sex abusers with the same brush - whether they are directing mad snuff movies or simply gazing fondly at some kids in a set of holiday snaps.

"There is a whole spectrum," he says. "In my opinion, the teacher, or Christian Brother, who puts his hand into a boy's pocket during a history lesson, that is one end of the spectrum. But then there is another: there is the person who attacks children of either sex, rapes them, brutalises them and then murders them."

No matter what kind of paedophile someone is, they all tend to get lumped into the same 'monstrous sex beast' category by rabid media commentators. Norris feels that this a totally inaccurate way of representing the true situation. "And I have to tell you this," he adds. "I think that the children in some cases are more damaged by the condemnation than by the actual experience."

What is Child Porn?

The Child Trafficking and Pornography Act, 1998 July gives the following definition: "Child pornography means:

a) Any visual representation

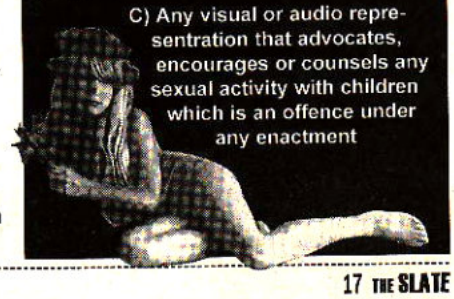
1 - That shows or in a case of a document, relates to person who is or is depicted as being a child and who is engaged in or is depicted as being engaged in explicit sexual activities,

2 - That shows or in the case of a document, relates to a person who is or is depicted as being a child and who is or is depicted as witnessing any such activities by any person or persons, or

3 - Whose dominant characteristic is the depiction, for a sexual purpose, of the genital or anal region of a child

b) Any audio representration of a person who is or is being represented as a child and who is engaged in or is represented as being engaged in explicit sexual activities

C) Any visual or audio representration that advocates, encourages or counsels any sexual activity with children which is an offence under any enactment



Listings News

A whole page devoted to the miserable world of entertainment in Dublin. All the most meaningless information right here

Listings Contents

ONCE-OFF CLUBBING 18
Goldie and Carl Craig form an unlikely pairing at the Tivoli. Bassbin's sixth birthday, Eric Morrillo hits the Pod, and loads more shit.

REGULAR CLUBBING 18
Pretty much every club in Dublin is closed for renovations at the moment, so you would be well advised to stay at home all month

LIVE MUSIC 33
After the summer it seems there is absolutely fuck all going on in the world of gigs, or maybe we just didn't bother trying to find out

CINEMA 38
The Importance of Being Earnest, another yankee fart joke film, and some shit British film with Ricky Tomlinson in it.

Moy heading for Fabulous Wealth

Moy the Monkey

DJ Johnny Moy is reaping the rewards of hanging around with the country's classiest people

AFTER GOING severely off the rails in the earlier part of the summer, DJ Johnny Moy put on a few good sets in the Tivoli last month and looked like he might be on the road back to redemption.

However, Johnny then decided to align himself with the forces of evil in Ireland by hanging around at a fake beach party in Lillies' Bordello with Amanda Brunker, the Sunday World's braindead gossip columnist.

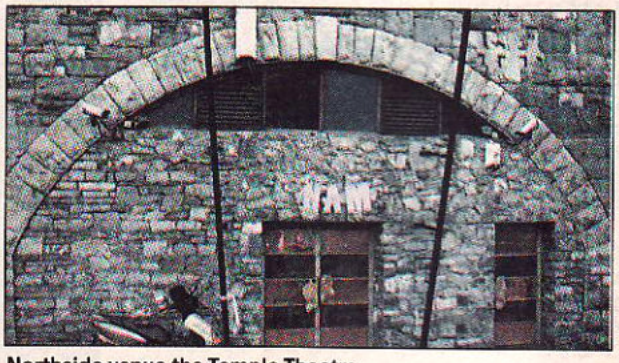
Brunker was judging the costume awards, and Moy, who hasn't been to a real beach party in a few years, scooped the prize for best male. The two are best mates by the looks of things, and Amanda breathlessly revealed in her column the following Sunday that Johnny has signed a new record deal which will make him a 'millionaire'. This is quite surprising, seeing as Moy's output of records up to this point has been next to non-existent, and millionaire record deals tend to be reserved for the likes of U2, Michael Jackson, and J-Lo, as opposed to fun-loving Irish support DJs.

Brunker the Boot

Exciting Venue News!

Crap clubs all over town frantically trying to make themselves halfway good

Mono has at last accepted the fact that it was simply not creating the desired atmosphere for a nightclub - hanging out there was more like being in a squashcourt with the lights turned off. The venue has sensibly closing for renovations. Other club bosses around town playing the renovation game include Lord Longford himself, John Reynolds. The proprietor of the Pod and Redbox will apparently be be expanding the size of the latter. This may puzzle many as the place is empty half the time, but the rumour is Reynolds plans to run live music gigs there and give MCD a run for their money. Elsewhere, Cork Langer Peter May and Influx boss Paul Davis are rumoured to have bought out Lord of the Lapdance Chris Kelly up in the Tivoli Theatre. The skanky tip will apparently be refurbished - only months after it opened - and, like Reynolds back in the Redbox, they are looking to put on live gigs in the upstairs section.



Northside venue the Temple Theatre

Dance snobs across Dublin breathed sighs of relief a few months ago when it was announced that the Temple Theatre was due to shut down. Great, they thought. No more sweaty knackers going mad for hard house. An end to lewd dancing involving sleek black men, larger Dublin women, and so-called RnB music. Well Ha Ha. The Temple has reopened, with pretty much exactly the same routine, except that they now have a proper DJ box and there are rumours of a hot tub being put into the VIP area.

WONKY GIG IS ATTACKED BY CRAZY OLD MAN

The octagenarian who writes about dance music for the Irish Times went mad last month. Having spent the last few years rewriting press releases, Jim Carroll suddenly decided to rebel against this monotony, and went looking for an idea of his own. The result was a completely unreasonable rant against a gig called Wonky, which mainly featured bands from the Dublin underground scene. This "supposedly cutting-edge affair" was nothing of the kind, snorted Jim. After rabbitting on in a confusing fashion about "the same old faces" and the "scene that celebrates itself", Carroll finished with these words of wisdom: "Being a local hero is easy. Going for global gold is another matter."

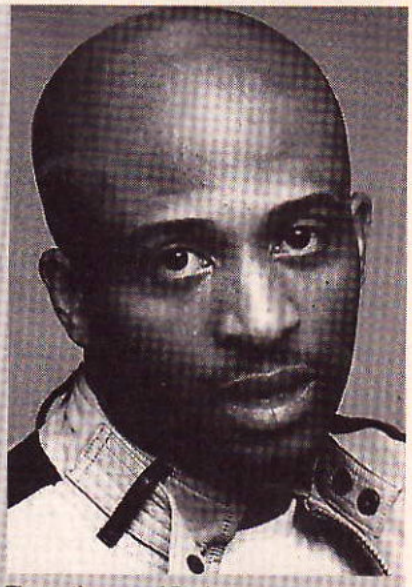
BLACKIES INVADE TIVOLI

URBAN RENEWAL

FRIDAY 06, 13, 20, 27 SEPTEMBER
TIVOLI €10

THE BIGGEST news on the Dublin rnb landscape this month is that Rhythm Corporation have left the opulent environment of the Temple ballroom after three years to decamp to the Tivoli. Alone among the Temple weekly nights, Rhythm Corp found an alternative home when the venue closed in August for renovations. That home was the Tivoli which had had its rnb cherry popped by Trevor Nelson in July.

Now they seem to have decided to stay there under the new name Urban Renewal while the Temple hold onto the Rhythm Corp name and install Frank Jez at the controls. Which leaves us with two big rnb parties going head to head each Friday. But the two major assets that have walked to the Tivoli are the club's originator Karlos - who built the whole thing up from playing in local shitholes in his native Kilbarrack - and his impressive roster of regular UK guests. This month sees Misteeq's tour DJ Swerve on the 6th, MTV Lick Party henchman and long-time Rhythm Corp favourite Dodge on the 13th, One Step on the 20th who, despite his stupid name, is pretty fantastic and, finishing off the month, the Irish debut of Kiss FMs Big Ted. All recommended.



The aptly named Dodge

FRONT END SYNTHETHICS

FRIDAY 06 SEPTEMBER
TBMC €12

Front End Synthetics is one of Dublin's top electronica labels. And whenever they've organised a club night, it's generally been good fun. There's such a thing as overdoing it though. This multi-artist extravaganza runs for seven straight hours, suggesting that they don't know when to pack it in with the fucking synthetics and go home. If they aren't careful, the level of fervent chin-stroking in the crowd could result in a few casualties having no jaw structure left by the end of the night. Packed into this epic-length gig are some familiar names. DJ sets from the omnipresent Decal, a live set from rapidly-sliding-into-mediocrity Ambulance and the instrument-swapping Connect 4 Orchestra. Less well-known contributors are one-man band Spectac and dronesters Papercop with various FES cronies DJ ing in the bar.

DJ BONE

FRIDAY 06 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE,CRYPT €13

D1 have finally found themselves a new home. The Dublin techno promoters are setting up shop downstairs in the Temple Theatre - an excellent venue and one that should suit their in house Detroit-driven sound very well. In spite of all that, the news was almost certainly greeted with a massive wail of dismay, as techno purists all over Dublin realised that the venue they'd been taking snobby cheap shots at for years was their heroes' new home. For the opening night they've made an odd but canny choice in the form of Detroit journeyman DJ Bone. He's not done much in the line of production (his main claim to fame so far is a Detroit compilation mix for Eukatech and rumours abound that tonights set may be released as a live compilation CD) but he knocks spots off his contemporaries behind the turntables. Should be a great night of Detroit-influenced techno. Watch out for Eamon Doyle lathering up in the Crypt's new hot tub.

D1's Eamonn Doyle contemplates jumping off that bridge he's on

RHYTHM CORPORATION

FRIDAY 06, 13, 20, 27 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €13

R n b business as usual for the Temple on Friday nights following their re-opening. The new resident Frank Jez would seem to be steering things in a hip-hop direction if the September's guests are anything to go by. Kofi (on 6 September) is a hefty UK hip-hop talent. In addition to numerous DMC appearances, he is also the man who tried in vain to make Spice Girls records urban and street with his scratching. G Child on the 20th is currently playing away to himself on Tuesday nights on BBC Radio One Extra, a digital channel which no one listens to unfortunately. London ex-pat Keith Lawrence is sure to rock things on the 27th and Frank takes time out from the guests on the 13th to trade bombtracks with his sparring partner Mel-O-D.

THE KNOWLEDGE SCRATCHMASTERS TOUR

FRIDAY 06 SEPTEMBER
MONO €10

Sponsored by UK magazine The Knowledge, this night will be the last big turntable rumble in Mono before it closes for renovations. The fact that this year Mono has seen the very best the world can offer (Q-Bert, Craze, Noize) has spoiled us so rotten that it's difficult to dredge up any enthusiasm for an apparently ragbag line up of British unknowns and Irish even-less-knowns. But just because UK rap is such a dreary crock of shit doesn't mean its other urban scenes are too. Just as the Brits' homegrown r n b is excellent, so too is their turntablism and DJs Woody and Yoda should prove that amply tonight, backed by Mek, who, on a good night, is still the best we've got, and young rapping hopefuls The Gudmen. A fine night of lesser known hip-hop.

DUMONDE
SATURDAY 07 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Dumonde are German DJ duo Jurgen Muschall and Dominic de Leon, aka Jam X and de Leon. We know many of you will have stopped reading halfway through that last sentence. The irony about the snobbery in Dublin towards the kind of sound Dumonde and other Italo-German Saturday night Temple guests make - call it tech-trance, power-trance or whatever - is that it is probably the most genuinely underground scene in the capital. It is ghettoised into virtually one single venue, loved fanatically by its followers but shunned by the self-appointed tastemakers around town. It also seems to be gaining a strong community simply by the fact that it is being ignored by the media. Anyway, these lads will give you tough bouncy trance with a tendency towards big breakdowns near the end.

ZAC FROST
FRIDAY 13 SEPTEMBER
LOBO €13

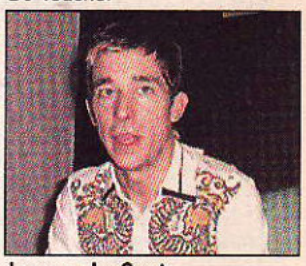
This Ultra Lounge weekly night at yuppie hellhole The Morrison Hotel seems to be developing a curious double identity. If you were to swallow the in-house publicity you'd be looking forward (or not) to a toe-curling squirmfest of casino royale posturing and really fucking bad music from the dregs of 60s exotica soundtracks. Worse, if you read recent reviews of the night in the papers like the Sunday World, you'd expect all that plus a hefty dose of idiotic snobbery towards "hardcore dance". But if you look at the guests they've had over once a month (jazz-house veteran Paul Murphy, Mo' Horizons Ralf Droesemeyer) you can see a genuine trend towards good solid eclecticism on the fringes of house. Zac Frost - the promoter/ DJ behind Brixton's Deep Blue chilled house night - is more of the same. Not fucking bad we say.

AZZIDO DE BASS
SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER
POD €13

You've got to feel sorry for Ingo Martin aka Azzido Da Bass. There the poor bastard is, tootling along in the late 90s, playing his middle-of-the-road Euro tech-trancey house to appreciative Germans. And then, on the release of his debut single, Dooms Night in 2000, his record company realise it doesn't have a chance in hell unless a high-profile remixer (like Timo Maas for instance) is drafted in to make a halfway sellable version. Maas's remix - using only one sound from the original - goes on to be maybe the last universal bomb track dance music will ever see. Nobody gives a fuck about the original. Nobody gave a fuck about the follow-up, Speed. And nobody will give a fuck about him tonight until he drops the Maas remix. Sad. If you go, expect passable enough tech-housey stuff with breaks.

JACQUES LU CONT
SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER
TIVOLI €20

At last: an opportunity to see this likeable young chap with the revolting red mullet get behind the decks in Dublin. The last time he appeared in Dublin was three years ago when he played live in the Music Centre as Les Rhythmes Digitales - a fabulous gig which underlined just how far ahead of the pack he was in terms of the 80s revival. Also how, with the exception of Daft Punk, he seems to be the only revivalist to capture the soul and euphoria, in marked contrast to the sleaze and monotony of electroclash. After a year as Madonna's keyboard player, Jacques' deck skills have been in demand at Bugged Out and Trash and you should go expecting nothing less than a thunderingly good night out with a nice modern 80s flavour. And we haven't even mentioned big beat merchant turned nu-house opportunist DJ Touche.



Jacques Lu Cont: Fuck you, I like this shirt

Having scored a bone-fide novelty hit with the unbearably cheery Ooh La La back in 1998 as The Wiseguys, Touche found himself unable to get arrested by anyone other than advertising executives and football hooligans. So he's changed his tune recently and converted to the four/four.

Scary junglist creeps up on poncy Detroit boy tonight!

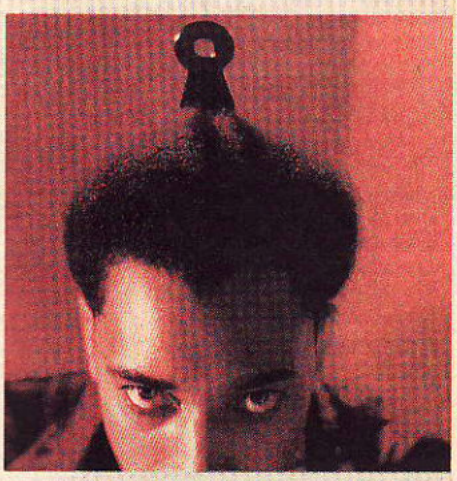
CARL CRAIG AND GOLDIE
SATURDAY 07 SEPTEMBER
TIVOLI €20

THIS ISN'T the first time this year that a Carl Craig gig has been announced, but the Detroit technoboy looks a safe bet to turn up this time. Craig took the futuristic Detroit blueprint set down by Derrick May, Kevin Saunderson and Juan Atkins and, well, flogged the arse out of it. It has to be said that he's fantastic at it, though, as albums like Landcruising show - not to mention Throw (as the Paperclip People), Craig's ghostly 1994 post-script to Donna Summers' I Feel Love. Unfortunately, this could still be a risky gig, as many claim that Craig - great producer though he is - can't DJ to save his life.

Early promotion for this event claimed that bootleg supremo Erol Alkan would be christening the Tivoli's new upstairs room (formerly the Tivoli theatre). This would have been a seriously progressive booking for a Dublin club right now, but instead we are being given Goldie - fresh from a shit gig here last November and dogged by reports that his music career is in decline.

It seems that the more Goldie hams around like a parody of himself on Eastenders, the less magic he manages to produce in the studio or on the turntables. Jungle fans may argue the toss over whether his recent material is any good, but everyone who was at the Music Centre last time around agreed that he sucked serious arsehole on the decks.

Tracks like Trinity's Jah did generate the occasional bit of energy, but this quickly sank in an endless sea of droney tunes and gratuitous rewinds. In fairness, Old Metal Chops is an intuitive and spontaneous DJ who was possibly just having a bad night. Lets just hope that the Tivoli brings the best out of him but at least expect a lot of brand new Metalheadz dubplates.



Carl Craig forgets to adjust the seat before getting his passport photo taken

MARK WILLIAMS VS AIRTON RONDA

SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER
TBMC €12

Promoter Richie Rosman has brought his Spanish mate Airton Ronda back over again to pummel the bejasus out of the Music Centre. This time he's going head to head with London's Mark Williams, which is an interesting pair up, given that the two of them represent two different, but well-practised approaches to techno. Ronda is the classic example of the fast track Euro DJ, who at 23 has already supported many of the greats within the genre. Williams is steeped in a weighty tradition of classic London techno nights over the last ten years, playing at Drum Club, Final Frontier and Full Circle. But they plan to join forces tonight to give you a mighty headache, moving from tribal tech-house to full on techno. The front bar will house a hip-hop crew that includes Splyce and Mayhem.

BASSBIN 6TH BIRTHDAY

SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER
SHELTER €10

Since 1996, the Bassbin club-night's stubbornly independent stance - word of mouth publicity, booking underdog names like Marcus Intallex and the up-until-recently unknown Marky - has won them a watertight following in the capital. Many drum n bass fans in Dublin would genuinely prefer residents Rohan and Naphta behind the decks to the majority of over-hyped UK 'legends' which is just as well because that's what they're getting tonight. We could talk about their golden days at Switch, but let's face it, they're in the Shelter now so let's get on with it. A night of the finest underground drum n bass peppered with excellent homegrown releases - you can't go wrong. Unless you think drum n bass is for saps and smelly rockers.

Rohan: delighted with himself because it's Bassbins birthday

X-Press 2 drag their Lazy holes to Spirit

X-PRESS 2

FRIDAY 13 SEPTEMBER
SPIRIT €22.50

THE PROMOTERS are remaining fairly quiet about exactly how many X-Press 2s punters are likely to get for their money, but so far all three (Rocky, Diesel and Ashley Beedle) have turned up at each of the promotional dates for Musikizum (the new album). Which is good news - they play two records each while one mans an auxiliary deck for acapellas, etc. and the other guns up the FX. It's been a big year for X-Press 2, with dodgy old handbag anthem Lazy (featuring unnerving granddad David Byrne), being followed by Musikizum, one of the year's most vaunted albums. Annoying vocal aside, Lazy is a bit of a con coming from these guys. Everyone who've been hailing its back to '92 Where Love Lives vibe are forgetting that while everyone else around that time was churning out sound-a-like chunky piano house, X-Press 2 weren't. In fact, they were miles ahead of the pack with Music X-Press and London X-Press, tunes which merged U.S. hypnotic repetition with the Hardfloor style breakdowns emerging from Europe. Forget all that shit though, because their DJ sets mine a rocksteady groove of tough percussive house which

Weeeeeee're wicked and we're fucking rich ha ha.. can slide from disco funk classics at one end to (believe it or not) Jeff Mills at the other, all glued together with famous acapellas, loops, sirens and samples. Thoroughly recommended if you enjoy house of all kinds.

SCOTT PROJECT

SATURDAY 14 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

A Temple Theatre favourite over the last year, DJ Scott Project is, in real life, the decidedly less glamorous and mysterious Frank Zenker. His publicists claim, somewhat implausibly, that he started his DJing career playing breakbeat in 1986. However, it's almost certain that he took the same route to hard trance throughout the late 80s as his contemporaries Westbam and Sven Vath - electro, house, nu-beat, techno. While never even getting remotely as much credit as those two for doing much the same thing in the early 90s, Scott made it big on the US dance circuit before returning to Germany to really bruise some eardrums with the likes of X and FireWire. Tonight will be more tech-trance, heavy on the drumroll and breakdowns.

MONKEY TENNIS FEAT. FLOOD

FRIDAY 20 SEPTEMBER
SHELTER €12

Monkey Tennis had its humble beginnings in that kip the Thomas House and has since developed into one of Dublin's more refreshing and open minded nights. It would want to be - bringing over such a blatant non-entity in the world of DJ-ing as this guy Flood. No-one is doubting Mark "Flood" Ellis' gargantuan reputation as a producer (U2, Smashing Pumpkins, PJ Harvey) and his dancier work with NIN and New Order is fine, but Christ knows what kind of disaster he might be tonight, on his debut behind a set of decks. Having said that if he just puts one record on after another and sticks to his patented dense electronic sound, he'll be grand. Sure what do you expect for 12 euros - Jeff Mills?

The best! And he's here to prove it prove it

ERIC MORILLO
SATURDAY 21 SEPTEMBER
POD 25

The Columbian gash magnet is taking time off from sunning his rich arse in Ibiza (where his Underwater night - in conjunction with Darren Emerson - at Pascha are going down a storm) to experience the misery of Dublin. The aim, of course, is to show us downtrodden paddies a bit of style for the evening and maybe earn enough to put a deposit down on one of his habitually flash bastard suits. We can hardly hang Erick Morillo for being fond of waving his wad around though, and in any case, if he gets too big for his Italian loafers, we've got three little words for him - Reel 2 Reel. For those just arriving on Planet Dance, this man is unquestionably the bomb when it comes to funky house music. He's been making and playing top quality house with the hypnotic toughness of his New York stomping ground for nearly a decade and a half. Early in the 90s he and his mate Armand Van Helden joined Strictly Rhythm records as in-house producers. While Armo lost the plot a million times over, Morillo just put his head down and racked up a phenomenally prolific output of productions and remixes for Strictly and, later, his own Subliminal - all excellent and incorporating whatever was cool about house at the time. And, OK, there was Reel 2 Reel...many haven't forgiven Morillo for the crime of having a few hit singles, but if Zig and Zag hadn't throttled the bollox out of I Like To Move It (remember Dem Girls, Dem Girls?) we'd probably be reappraising it for the massive slice of jungle-boogie it is. The bottom line is, Morillo is a prince of U.S. house and this is a virtually unmissable gig. Quality guaranteed.

Morillo summons his personal valet to get down there and polish his shoes

CHAMPION SOUND - FEAT. MEK, TU-KI
FRIDAY 20 SEPTEMBER
TBMC €TBC

You can say bye-bye to Mono over the next few months. It is being torn apart in yet another attempt to turn it into a half-decent nightclub. Meanwhile, the club's most successful night this year, Choice Cuts, has found a home for the night in the Music Centre. In fact, it may turn out to be a more suitable venue, as the Mono bar on Fridays was horribly cramped and there were always too many DJs and not enough box. This way, the eight-strong collective can be split into low key (or less accomplished) types in the front bar and show off-y flash cunts on the main stage. The night is intended partly as a homecoming for DJ's Tu-Ki and Mayhem who will be representing Ireland at the DMC Championships in Brixton the week before. Featuring high up on the bill (otherwise he'd probably burn down the Music Expect in protest the way he set fire mid-set to a pair of decks at the DMC Irish heats a few years ago, in protest at not winning). Expect a riotous mix of true skool hip-hop and it's closest cousin, dancehall reggae.

DJ Mek will now attempt to scratch using two cans of beer and some blokes head.

DARREN EMERSON
SATURDAY 21 SEPTEMBER
TIVOLI €20

It now seems that the other two ugly individuals from Underworld can actually boast more respect in dance music circles than their former bandmate - the previously untouchable Darren Emerson. Karl Hyde and Rick Smith are doing the business with the remarkable Two Months Off - as danceable as any of their pre-split output - while Emerson has been getting rancid reviews for his increasingly slapdash mixing. It would seem that he has stopped giving a bollox of late, but if he can keep off the sauce and get a consistent groove going, tonight could rock in a funky, housey, tech-ish way.

BISMARCK
SATURDAY 21 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE €20

Being named after a 19th century German megalomaniac is just one of the more glaring signs that you are to avoid this lad. The others are all seven minutes long, 150 bpms fast and guaranteed to make anyone over 25 rush off for a nice cup of tea and a sit down, i.e. the bastards sadistic records. BXR Records' Bismarck is really just typical of the Italian label who appear to have more or less annexed Saturday nights at the Temple Theatre. He plays remorselessly hard and fast tech-trance which will appeal to most of you readers in the same way as colonic irrigation with a rusty Dyson. If you're a Temple regular on Saturdays you will probably have this marked on your calendar. Otherwise, wait for Mauro Picotto's next appearance here if you want the ultimate introduction to sado-trance.

INLAND KNIGHTS
FRIDAY 27 SEPTEMBER
VOODOO €10

This lot were famous for throwing deep house raves in the Nottingham area until the cops decided enough was enough and confiscated their rig. Luckily, the Inland Knights also run a very successful label, Drop, which sees all manner of DJs picking up on their jacking house sound. Although you'd be hard pressed to classify any of their releases as an all time classic, the combination of tough beats and decent basslines means that if nothing else, they'll get you dancing tonigh. Pity it's down in Voodoo, but it could turn out to be a cracker nonetheless.

Write for us

Email clubbing@theslate.ie

YOMANDA
SATURDAY 28 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE 20

Yomanda, whose specialist subject on Mastermind would be Wrecking Your Fucking Head. Belfast-born Paul Masterson realised at 16 that he had a special talent for making and spinning ferociously annoying music which still somehow made you dance. So he got the fuck out of Dodge to London before anyone had a chance to blow his bollox off. Teaming up with Rachel Auburn as The Candy Girls they had a hit, Fee Fi Fo Fum (if you heard it, you didn't like it) followed by a zillion soundalikes. In addition to nearly topping the charts in 1999 as Yolanda with the screechy nightmare Synths And Strings and made a bunch of follow ups with Judge Jules as Hi-Gate, many of which are still likely to assualt you at a North County Dublin discobar. Fucking shoot him.

ALEX MORAN
SATURDAY 28 SEPTEMBER
TEMPLE THEATRE (CRYPT) 20

The Temple Theatre relaunches itself in September after what promised to be extensive renovations but turned out to be a brief pause in which to rethink their roster. One club night that seems to have benefited from the time off is Deep. Beginning the year in the back arse of nowhere (Ringsend's Ocean Bar) this Sam Lowther and Marty Sheridan night actually managed to pull some sort of a crowd out there, (on a Thursday no less). The slow loungy house and cosy atmosphere created there proved tempting enough for the Temple to take it on in April. Now, in the re-jig, it's been awarded a Saturday pole position in the Crypt. Tonight the opening night guest is Alex Moran, a Manchester deep house veteran guaranteed to provide the slow burning energy typical of Deep.

MAX TUNDRA
SUNDAY 29 SEPTEMBER
WHELANS TBC

A Warp Records favourite since 1998, Ben Jacobs aka Max Tundra made an impression on that label's faithful with his startling debut album, Some Best Friend You Turned Out To Be. Max is anxious to prove that he's not just part of Warp's gang of beardy madmen with xylophones and samplers. This can be deduced from his thinly veiled attack on what is possibly the label's trendiest act - "I made this record because, well you could say I was Bored With Canada". Unquestionable proof comes with the album itself, a stubbornly single-minded vision of electronic music with analog instruments gelling with electronica to create a glorious melodic chaos. And lots of squawking trumpets. Fuck knows how he's going to perform it live but it will be entertaining to watch him try.

PLUMP DJS
SATURDAY 28 SEPTEMBER
POD 1

Breaks. A load of boring old shit, isn't it? Especially nu skool breaks. It's not nu for a start, and the only thing skool about it is the amount which it will test the average person's concentration and endurance after fifteen minutes. But then there's the Plump DJs, Lee Rous and Andy Gardner. Year of painstaking fannying about with beats and samples guarantee that this pair spit out tough funky tracks like Scram and No Way which skillfully avoid being either cartoon big-beat or coma-inducing nu-skool. Gardner in particular mixes with a cocksure, authoritative energy, commanding even the most suspicious clubber's attention. Couple this with the Pod crystal clear sound system and as the name of their best-selling mix CD claims, you'll have a very Plump Night Out indeed.

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MONDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
C.R.A.P €FREE

Resident DJ Dirk Montage plays a mixed back of shit, but it is not great. Last review: January 2002

RIRA
STRICTLY HANDBAG €7

This has been going for nearly eight years, and is highly recommended. 80s music and funk with a decent crowd. Mark Kelly, Aidan Kelly, Scott McNaughton and Dandelion. Last review: October 2001

SWITCH
SLAM €7

Popular gay night with DJ Karen and Rocky T. Numbers are generally good, and Karen knocks out good accesible funky and progressive house downstairs. Last review: August 2002.

TUESDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
SHARPSHOOTER €8

The misery of Dorans is somewhat lessened at this gay Gay Indie night with a decent enough effort being made to get crowds in. Resident DJ Rentecca. Last review: February 2001.

RIRA
BUMP 'N' HUSTLE €7

Fionn Davenport continues to run this reliable night. Funk, soul and hip hop are what you can expect. Murfi plays upstairs Last reviewed July 2001.

SWITCH
TECHNO.IE €7

Despite the relaunch and the generally excellent standard of the DJing from Joe McGrath and GMcD, numbers have been very low of late at this hard techno night. They'll be holding out for the student crowds to return no doubt.

TBMC
LO FAT €8.50

New night featuring lots of dnb, breaks, electro and hip hop. Some good ideas and music, just needs a crowd and it could be pretty good. Frodo on Speed, The Kid, Djameca all play. Last review August 2001.

WAX
LOWDOWN €7

House night with a large roster of rotating DJs including Sean Hand, Dave Lannigan, John Mahon, Patrick Dempsey, Barry Keogh, Georgie F, Calvin James & Jason Bongo Williams (percussion). Vodka and Cranberry €3.

WED'SDAYS

EAMON DORAN'S
ELECTRO CLASH €6/5

Punk, Gothic, Industrial and electro, jumping on the shitwagon. Last review Feb 2002.

THE GEORGE
SPACE 'N' VEDA €7 AFTER 10PM

Alternative performance followed by rnb in Dublin's biggest gay venue. Resident DJs are Veda Bons Reves, Dandelion and Rocky T Delboy.

PARNELL MOONEY
FIREHOUSE SKANK €6

Excellent night with a great atmosphere and loyal following. Dub and reggae are what you can expect most of the time. It can get quite heavy some of the time, but still is well recommended. Last review November 2001

POD
LOGIC €7

Newish tech-housey kind of night aimed at students. The music is good, and this is well worth a visit. Residents on rotation include Ron's Mobile Disco, Azreal, the excellent Simon Conway, Sean Hand, Nick Corrigan and Scott McNaughton (above right). All pints €1.90, 2 x Vodka and Sharks €6.50. Last review May 2002.

RIRA
TONGUE N GROOVE €7

Donal Dineen and others play on beats, inoffensive hip hop, funk and soul. Not bad, but sometimes can be a bit unexciting. Last review October 2001

SWITCH
MELT €7

New house night in the Eustace St venue which has always been difficult to fill during the week. Residents Brian Folan and something called Little Red Bastard.

TBMC
GROOVE €6.50/4

New Rnb and hip hop night with the excellent Frank Jez. Mel O D and guests. Could be worth going to if you like a good bump and grind. Last review April 2002.

WAX
SOUL RIOT €7

Murfi, Gerry Molumby, Brian Harrington, Dave Rice play funk, soul and jazz. Can get a bit annoying, but isn't too bad. 2 cocktails for the price of one. Last review May 2002.

Later shortsighted Hugh would realise the professor's 'glow' potion attracted moths not women.

Some say a club night has lost it when the Seventh Day Adventists show up.

THURSDAYS

TEMPLE THEATRE
CHEESE €10

A collection of appalling DJs are set to move in here from Septmber onwards. Expect a narrow selection of diabolical chart music. Fucking expensive, too, for a Thursday night.

EAMON DORAN'S
SIMIONICS €6/5

Loads of rotating promoters take this shithole on a Thursday, including PowerFM.org's Simionics night, Grit Greenglow's hard house, and the tough Ignition techno night.

THE GEORGE
THE MISSING LINK €8 AFTER 10PM

Quiz with weekly prize of €250 followed by 'Songs from the Last Century'. Hosted by Annie Balls and DJ Stuart Jackson.

ISAAC BUTT
SECTION 8 €6

Indie night run in association with X-fm.

PARNELL MOONEY
GZ €4/5

Live bands from 9.30 and DJs afterwards are to be found in this grotty basement, while a young crowd of mostly ugly goths get pissed on cider. Last review October 2001.

POD
VIBE €8/6 LADIES FREE B4 12

Frank Jez, Wez Darcy and Mel O.D. bang out the big rnb tracks with a fair dose of technical skill. Pints of Millers €2.50 all night. Last reviewed April 2002.

RIRA
FUNK OFF €8/7

Padraig Disconaut plays upstairs and good, if somewhat predictable Cork rnb man Stevie G and guests are downstairs - good stuff for the most part.

SWITCH
BAM BAM €8/7

Bubbles and Switch have gone their seperate ways yet again, and now Power FM's Graham Keely has taken over. Expect fairly tough tech and tribal house from the man who has just released on London's Eukahouse label.

TBMC
SCREAMADELICA €6.50/5.50

This indie night has been going for a couple of years and is a good bet for all the dance-music hating, crusty rock and indie merchants out there. Eamon Sweeney and various members of the Dublin underground indie scene DJ. Popular enough with the students.

WAX
SOUL PATROL €7

A good selection of DJs, including Padraig Disconaut, Nello Romano and the top class Billy Scurry play excellent deep house in what is Wax's best night. Too posy for many, but catch it on the right night and it's excellent. International guests also play every now and then. Last review: May 2002.

FRIDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
FEVER €10

Fairly run of the mill progressive music and a disinterested crowd of drunks make this a bad option for your Friday night.

GAIETY
SALSA PALACE €12

Lacklustre salsa night with some live bands and a few mediochre DJs. The people who go are generally quite depressing.

ISAAC BUTT
SUPREME €5

Good indie night with John Colbert knocking out well-chosen tunes to a load of drunk nerdy types. Last reviewed April 2002.

LOBO
ULTRA LOUNGE €10

This shit night is frequented by people who are so far stuck up their own holes that they think sitting on a couch being charged huge amounts of money for bad drink while some wanker plays 'dance-floor jazz' in the corner is good fun. Avoid.

POD
HAM €10/8

Very successful gay night with a large, loyal following and a good atmosphere. Residents include Shay Hannon, Hugh Scully and auld Tonie Walsh. Excellent stuff. Last review May 2002

RIRA
RINKA €9

Funk, hip hop, soul from Cian O'Ciobhain, Pat McMarsbar, Dave Cleary, Cyril Briscoe and Brian Nevin. Open decks upstairs. Good Rira's fare.

SHOOTERS
OBSESSION €10

Gar Skelly and Paul Coady plus special guests bang out retro tunes. Terrible venue.

SWITCH
PHUNK D'UP €9

Amid much grumbling and bad feeling, this techno night which had been doing well on the Saturday has been moved to Friday. It should still do well though, and if the music gets a bit monotonous at times, good guests make up for it.

Residents Dean Sherry and Barry Dempsey.

SPIRIT
STUPID NAME

Huge and vaguely tacky nightclub which has been packing punters in since it opened. The music can be very bad and when it gets too crowded its very unpleasant, but the chill out room is nice and some decent enough guests drop in.

TEMPLE THEATRE
RHYTHM CORPORATION & TECHNOLOGY €13/9

Frank Jez and his pals have taken over the Temple's flagship rnb night. Should be great. D1 have taken over downstairs in the crypt which could be great for fans of deep techno.

TIVOLI
URBAN RENEWAL

New rnb night which used to run down in the Temple Theatre very successfully. They've held onto many of their rotating residents, with dodgy-skills Karlos being there every week. See page 19 for more details.

VOODOO
BOOGIE €3 B4 10/VARIES

Trevor O'Shea and mates knock out deep and funky house and international guests drop in sometimes. This month sees Drop Music's Inland Knights playing. Numbers can be very low, though, and the venue is fucking crap.

Maybe it was her education with the nuns, but when she was with a man, Carla always felt Christ was watching.

SATURDAYS

EAMONN DORAN'S
CATAPULT €7

Indie, rock and house courtesy of Steve Stone from Ireland's worst magazine, Hot Press. Ignore.

GAIETY
SOUL STAGE €12

Jazz, cabaret and soul in loads of different shabby rooms gives this place a vaguely epic but slighly depressing feel. Bar opens til 4am, but the older crowd that go there give it a kind of stolid atmosphere.

ISAAC BUTT
CHEESEY SINGLES €6

Indie disco with DJ Andy Colbert. He's a simple but effective DJ. If you hate dance music this is a decent option.

POD
ART €13/10

Billy Scurry, Anthoney Mooney and the excellent Shane Johnson have taken over here and punters can expect deep house of the best variety. Crowds have been good initially, and this could turn out to be a top class night.

RIRA
FRISKY DISCO €10

Pretty much the same old Ri Ra except with a slightly housier edge downstairs courtesy of Emma C. Dave Cleary plays upstairs. The Dame Court venue is always a safe option. Last review April 2002.

SPIRIT
RAPTURE €20

Pretty much the same deal as on Friday - see review on opposite page.

SWITCH
TURN IT ON €13/11

New tribal and tech night with Nick Corrigan at the helm. Corrigan has about as much charisma behind the decks as a fish at the bottom of a barrel, but his mixing is spot on, even if most of the tracks sound very similar. Worth checking out.

SHELTER
ROTATING PROMOTERS

Check once off listings for details. A fine little venue.

TEMPLE THEATRE
ESCAPE €16

Big hard house and trance for young little clubbers in the same vein as Space which ran here on this night previously. Proper review next month.

VOODOO
PLAYAZ BALL FREE B4 10PM/€8

Rnb in this badly located superpub. DJ Funkmaster Lee is in charge. Can be pretty good.

WAX
REVISION FREE B4 €11/10

Bollox - flashy pose joint that's hard to get into. Go elsewhere.

SUNDAYS

COYOTE
FRESH 'N' FUNKY FREE B4 12 **WITH CONC, €8 AFTER**

Good rnb session here with Cork's Stevie G and the regrettable, floor-emptying Tony Dixon as residents. International guests such as Shortee Blitz have appeared in the past. The place itself it weird and tacky, but it still works much of the time. Last reviewed: April 2002

EAMON DORAN'S
MELTING POT €6

Poor hip hop night with plenty of bad scratching and annoying beat juggling.

THE GEORGE
SHIRLEY'S BINGO SUNDAY €7

Very popular variety show hosted by Ireland's most famous tranny, Shirly Temple Bar and follwed by DJ Fluffy. Well worth checking out.

INTERNATIONAL
LAZYBIRD €4

Eclectic indie & electronica night which often sees moments of bizarre brilliance. Has been doing very well numbers wise of late, so get there early if you want a seat. Recently they've played host to Exile Eye, Spectac and various other leftfield oddballs. Last reviewed January 2001

POD
LOVE DANCIN €9

Very foolish name for a club. Residents Nello Romano, Barry Redsetta, Billy Scurry and a whole load of others will be supplying deep, tech and funky house after Bubbles' Odyssey night finished up.

RIRA
BASS MONKEY €7

Karlito and DJ Pete Pamf are residents.

SPIRIT
REVELATION €10

More progressive music in this massive place.

SWITCH
FOOT FETISH €8/6

Tonie Walsh, Sean Hand and Ed Poland lay on bongo-driven west coast house. A big effort to disguise the manky inside of Switch is made, with glitter and other paraphernalia hanging from the ceiling and walls, which works very well. Jason Williams plays Bongos, and wathc out for Beverly the Saxaphone player. Last review July 2002.

VOODOO
AURA €3

Dave McDonald and guests play layed back music

WAX
HILTON EDWARDS €8

Sceney gay house night with Martin McCann and Mark Dixon on the decks. The Music can get a bit noodly but there generally tend to be loads of people here and few dirty old men. Last reviewed February 2002.

TV3's latest sitcom throws a crazy Mexican priest from the 1890s into a cutting edge Dublin Nightspot with hilarious consequences.

MONDAYS

4 Dame Lane - Music Matters: *Rory Jones & MC Phil West (ragga , reggae, roots)*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Bitch Night: *Hosted by Asha. guest dj's, fetish dancers (apparently) and live music.*
Gubu - Comedy night: Declan Rooney
Handel's - Open Deck
Thomas House - *Vibrator*
Voodoo - Sugar Jam: *with Marcus Valentine. Open mic. session, bands & dj's.*

TUESDAYS

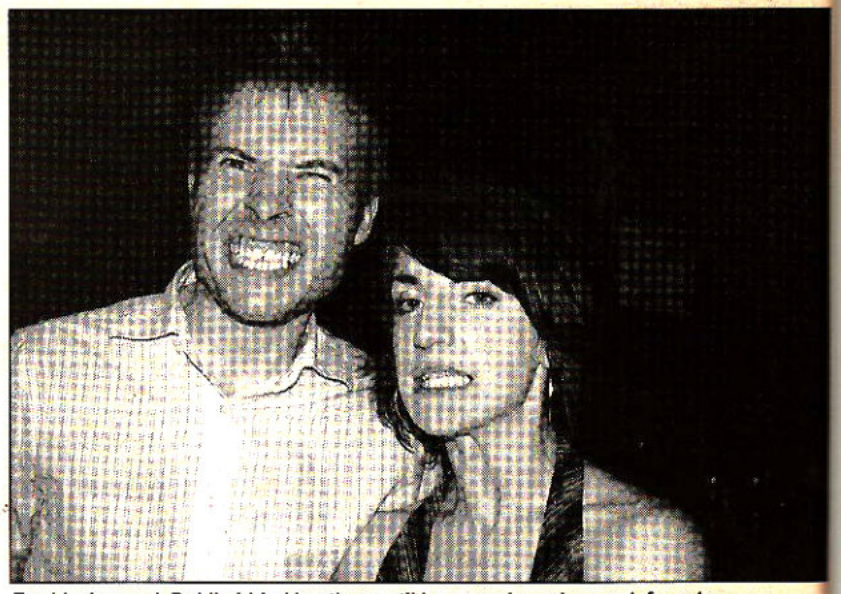
4 Dame Lane - Lizard Lounge *(lounge music)*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Relentless: *Guest DJs every week, including Lady MC, Grunt Brothers (drum n bass)*
Handel's - Joy *Soul Sister (soul, funk)*
Mezzanine Bar - Midweek Menage
Thomas House - Home Brew
Gubu - *Jazz and Funk bands*
Voodoo - The Tuesday Club: *funk/soul*

WEDNESDAYS

4 Dame Lane - The Hot Jazz Biscuits with Kieran Wild (Jazz) Conor Irwin (downstairs)
Bodkins - *Open Mic Night*
Chocolate Bar - Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: *Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Fillet of Soul: *DJ Mivian. 60's soul/britpop/classics*
Gubu - G Spot *with Busty (open mike variety show)*
Handel's - Ollie Moore *(breaks, beats, reggae and electro)*
Mezzanine Bar - Midweek Menage
Mono - Mike McCoy (eclectic)
Thomas House - Dub Factor *Greg (Ska, Roots, Rhythm)* & Inner Frequency
Viva - Sound Factory (ground floor) *Eddie Lennon*
Voodoo - Nada : *DJ No (house)*

THURSDAY

4 Dame Lane - Hiphopalicious: *Fhadd Junior (Sir Henry's), DJ Dar (hip hop, breaks, beats, rnb)*
Bodkins - *Open Dec Night*
Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Jamie Clarke, David Davin. *Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Fromage - *DJ Derry Lee (aka Bronagh Gallagher) & friends. (Motown rock/soul)*
Fireworks - Booty *R'n'b, hip hop, garage with Pure Silk*
GUBU - DJ Daniel - *mixed bag*
Handel's - *Rocky T. Delgado (electro, indie)*
Hogan's - *Jason O'Callaghan (Soul, Funk and Grooves)*
Life Bar - *Al Redmonds*
Mezzanine Bar - Midweek Menage
Modern Green Bar - DJ Stephen Hughes (Big Brother Records). *Stella Artois Pints €3 all night*
Mono - Fresh Vinyl Attack *DJ Ilk Latvia (eclectic)*
Thomas House - Fatty Fatty & Hidden Fortress, X-ray Specs & Dowtown
Viva - Retrospect *Mark Kelly (indie)*
Pravda - *Zoe S.*
Searson's - *Eamon Barrett*
Viva - *Retrospect, Mark Kelly (Indie)*
Voodoo - Shakedown: *DJ Gerry Molumby. (funk/soul/disco)*



Freshly dumped, Dahlia bided her time until Laurence's groin was defenceless

FRIDAY

4 Dame Lane - *Crunch: Aidan Kelly & Jonathon Lynn (funky house and disco)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 5pm. Davey K. *Happy Hr 5pm - 8.30pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - Hell's Kitchen - DJ Claire K & Pete Pamf. (funk/soul/classics/anything goes)
Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Malik (lounge/funk/soul/house)
GUBU - Kajagubu *Mark Kelly (80s night)*
Handel's - Rocky's Revenge (7.30-9.30) *Rocky T Delgado.* Star DJ *9.30-close (mixed bag)*
Hogan's - *Mr Moto & Nello Romano (deep house)*
Life Bar - *Tiny Tim (commercial house)*
Mezzanine Bar - Keith Sheridan
Pravda - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Searson's - *Terry C and Wayne B*
Thomas House - Savage Banter *Leagues and guests (indie)* & Gappy Foundation *Triple A & Nomad (drum 'n' bass)*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*
Voodoo - *Urban: Brian Macdonald, Gary Ward, Tayor, Steve Flynn, Declan Canning, Rosman (deep house)*

SATURDAYS

4 Dame Lane - Fancy Free: *Fhadd Junior (down) DJ Mikee (Up) (hip hop, breaks, cheese)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 6pm. Dave Perry. Coyote Lounge - *DJ's Sean Harley, Gladdy: R+B, Happy House*
Dice Bar - The Promised Land - DJ Poppy & DJ Tarquin (lounge/funk/disco)
Forty Foot, Dun Laoghaire - Nello Romano/ Mr Moto (lounge to house)
GUBU - *DJ Conor Irwin / DJ Richard*
Handel's - *DJs Dara & Kevin (hip hop, jazz, funk)*
Harbourmaster - *Steff Hoffman/Peter Cosgrove (laid back grooves)*
Hogan's - *Eddie Eustace/ Dan O'Keefe JazzyBeats*
Life Bar- *Hugo Boss*
Mezzanine - Darren Nolan
Pravda - *Eamon Barret (indie)*
Searson's - *Terry C*
Thomas House - Monkey Tennis *Tom Rixton and Scott* alternates with Thomas the Skank Engine *DJ Euro, DK Dublin and friends*
Viva - *Paul Webb & guests*

SUNDAYS

4 Dame Lane - *The Workers Party with Aiden Kelly Dandelion Sergeant & DJ Mikee (funky house and disco)*
Chocolate Bar - Open 6p.m Scott McNaughtón + Jessie. *Happy Hr 7pm - 9pm: Pints €2.30, Cocktails €3.20*
Dice Bar - The Poison - DJs Poison, Pappy & Ram (reggae/soukous/saka/dance/zouk/ arabic)
GUBU - Jazz Action *Live jazz band from 5-7*
Hogan's - Sundazed, 4pm til close *-featuring Mr Moto, Color, Eddie Eustace and Nello Romano.*
Handel's - Ciaran and Miller from 6-9 Colin and Steve + Co 9-12
Thomas House - *Chicks on decks / Funkin Divine Allstars*
Viva - *Tom Rixton & Quilli*
Voodoo - Pacemaker, *from noon till 6pm: open decks* Aura - *from 6pm till late. Dave Mcdonnell & guests. Barbeque in beer garden.*

JACK L
MON 2 - SAT 7 SEPT
OLYMPIA **€23.50**

Jack L is not a man to put the cart before the horse. His admirers insist he is on the brink of global stardom, but the reputed Sexiest Man in Ireland is staying right here until he feels he has fully conquered this country. And this week long occupation of the Olympia Theatre might be the most audacious attempt at doing so since Padraig Pearse's GPO shindig in 1916. The received wisdom on Jack L is that if he could reproduce the energy of his live shows on record then he would be really famous. Tack on the right producer and the right song and that's basically true. So we reckon its time for gunships on the Liffey once again. The fat cunt might never again present such a sitting target.

FUTURE KINGS OF SPAIN
WED 4 SEPT
TBMC **€7**

No-nonsense, meat-and-two-veg guitar rock outfit launch their competent but uninspiring debut single A Place for Everything and Everything in its Place in the Music Centre of a Wednesday evening. If you have a keen interest in shouted lyrics, dullish melodies and three lads sweating strenuously as they belt out songs they've been pissing off their neighbours with for months, this is the spot for you. Otherwise you'd be better advised to watch Eastenders for the evening. Support from Berkeley, Boxes and Roscoe.

SHANE MACGOWAN & THE POPES
FRI 6 & SAT 7SEPT **11.15PM**
OLYMPIA **€27.50**

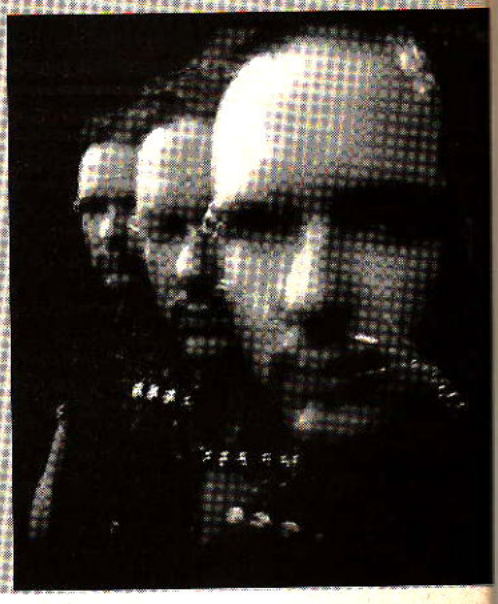
Getting that back to school feeling yet? One minute Mike Skinner's flogging original pirate material, Jason Pierce is letting it come down and Yoshimi is battling pink robots. The next there's a middle aged man singing Sally MacLennane while simultaneously pissing in his trousers. Make no mistake, we fucking love Shane. But this will be the fifth time he has played Dublin in little over a year. The only fans that can have missed him at this stage are all incarcerated. On the plus side, the late showtime should ensure a repeat of the bouncer-instigated near riot that broke out when he last played the Olympia. And that's guaranteed if they haven't removed that prick Jack L from the premises by 11.15pm.

Not only are they very ugly, they sound terrible too

A Korn in your side

KORN
SUPP: PUDDLE OF MUD
TUE 10 SEPTEMBER
RDS MAIN HALL **€49.50**

Korn guitarist James 'Munky' Shaffer raised a shitstorm recently when he opined that Hitler was now in heaven. The Fuhrer apparently "believed in what he was doing" and that made it okay. Well we say fair play to the man. (The guitarist that is, not so much Hitler.) While a new generation of metallers consider business degrees a career prerequisite, it's good to see an act who stay true to metal's original idiotic spirit. Korn, one of the bands who really revitalised the genre in the 90s, arrive in Dublin this month with Puddle of Mudd on the Tour With No Name. (Yeah, we could think of a couple too.) You'd need to be a complete moron to actually like this crap but at least they mean it, maan. For that alone, they're a shoe-in for heaven.



ASLAN
SAT 7 SEPT
AMBASSADOR **€23**

There are a million and one things you could say about Aslan: you could commend them as decent professionals who've earned a huge following; you could lambaste them as hacks, approaching what should be a creative process as a trade; or you could go out, eat an ice cream, do a lap of Stephen's Green, come back to your desk and the bottom line would still be the same. They're shit, shit, shit. The only people who can, in good conscience, find anything good to say about them are the kind of people who write things like: "What can I say about Aslan except that if you haven't seen them live then you haven't experienced the magic that is Aslan." That's a real quote, from their own website. Useless cunts.

Write for us you bollox. Send an email to gigs@theslate.ie if your into it

THE RAT PACK
MON 9 - SUN 15 SEPT
OLYMPIA €33.20 - €38.20

What could be worse than this? The 'Ratpack' were bad enough themselves - a group of sexist drunks who did nothing more than smoke lots of cigars, do the dirt on their wives and sing shit big-band music to rich American businessmen. But three Irish fools getting up on stage and doing bad impressions of them? Surely this is a scene from Father Ted, and not real-life Ireland? Unfortunately, the latter is the case and this proves that we live in the poxiest city in the world. The only thing that is possibly worse than this show is the large crowd of cunts who are going to pay Euros - doubtless earned in some of the most depressing jobs outside of screwing car parts together in Taiwan - to see this freak show.

RICHARD ASHCROFT
TUE 10 SEPT
AMBASSADOR €33.50

Richard Ashcroft is here to promote the second album of a so far underwhelming solo career. Human Conditions, expected later this autumn, may or may not include a collaboration recorded with Brian Wilson earlier this year. The former Verve singer is a good example of an artist who achieved fame and respect (with Urban Hymns) just as he was starting to go off the boil. In contrast to the fireworks of A Storm In Heaven and A Northern Soul, the last five years have been spent serving up patented 'Mad Richard'-isms in a thick stew of country/blues. (The reasonable 'A Song For The Lovers' being an exception.) Quite what "medicating on love" means is anyone's guess, but tripping along the ledge it ain't. Overrated yeah, but still worthy of another hearing.

GEMMA HAYES
WED 11 - FRI 13 SEPT
WHELANS €15.00

This Tipperary woman's distinctly average brand of angsty folk has mysteriously getting oodles of press attention of late, particularly after her nomination for a Mercury music award. What the fuck is all the fuss about? Does the world really need another bland singer-song writer? While her work has improved somewhat since her atrocious Hanging around EP, it's still insipid bland stuff that leaves you wondering why all the decent music that the Irish underground is throwing up at the moment is being ignored.

THE MUSIC
THRS 12 SEPT
TBMC €12.50

These lads were included in an NME cover feature entitled 'The best new guitar bands in Britain' which should tell you everything you need to know about them: over-hyped horse turd. Some arsehole in a huge record company has decided that it might be possible to flog the last remaining remnants of Oasis Be Here Now sound, with the consequence that everyone has to put up with these four talentless idiots with expensive guitars and no ideas. If you're interested, their uninspiring dirge-like sound brings to mind Noel Gallagher shouting drunk over a bad repetitive Led Zep riff, except the lyrics are completely inaudible, possibly because the sound engineer decided they were too appalling to be inflicted on the general public. Avoiding this terrible gig can be your good deed for the month.

KILLER JOEY
SUN 15 SEPT
LIBERTY HALL CENTRE €TBC

Drummer Joey Baron and his latest band touch down in Dublin for the first gig of the ESB Autumn Jazz series. Baron has been drumming since the 70s, and although he's played in fields as wide ranging as classical and rock, he is primarily famous for his exploits in jazz, particularly with well known figures like Art Pepper, Stan Getz and Dizzy Gillespie. Hailing from a working class Jewish background, he largely taught himself to play. Unafraid of the experimental and avant-garde end of jazz, he has collaborated with the likes of John Zorn, and has also release three albums with his Barondown group. The ESB jazz gigs, which owe their existence largely to a small Dublin company Note Productions, are usually very high in the quality department and tonight should hopefully prove no different.

Killer Joey gets some lessons from Caroline Corr

Pitchshifter - ignore them

THE D4

SUPP: LA ROCCA, BERKELEY, DJ BP FALLON
SAT 21 - SUN22 SEPT
WHELANS **€14.50**

Imagine landing in some minor territory on the other side of the world and discovering that, to the natives, your name meant bed-wetter - momentarily distressing, you'd imagine. But not for rock and roll motherfuckers the D4. Hot on the heels of their Irish debut in June, they return for what should be another well-received show. The Kiwis fit perfectly into the current vogue for full-on garage rock bands from far-flung places. They are big, dumb, good time rockers in the tradition of AC/DC and Motorhead. Kind of like the Hives just not as karaoke, and with (amazing this) even triter lyrics. Good value at only €14.

PITCHSHIFTER

SUPP: THE KENNEDY SOUNDTRACK
SAT 21 SEPT
AMBASSADOR **€25**

Pitchshifter are British metal veterans torn between Nine Inch Nails-style industrial heaviosity and the lucrative nu-metal bandwagon. They are only distinguishable from their competitors by the muso-ish and anal attention to sonic detail suggested in their choice of mockier. In the last few years they have added Fat Of The Land guitarist Jim Davies to their line-up, recorded with Jello Biafra and earned themselves a small but devoted following. However, these modest achievements remain (rightly) of little concern to the unconverted 99.99% of the population.

LEE HAZELWOOD & BAND

MON 23 SEPT
OLYMPIA **€28.50 - €32.50**

Lee Hazelwood's monotonous coffin-creak vocals and vaguely creepy songwriting suggest Johnny Cash's slightly disturbed brother. However, although he's often called a country artist, this label doesn't really do his eclectic career justice. He is probably best known for his duets with go-go icon Nancy Sinatra. In most of these (like Sand, Summer Wine and the very weird but oft-covered Some Velvet Morning), he'd play the grizzled old cowboy to her sweet young thang, giving these songs a somewhat disconcerting air of paedophilia. His solo work has been less deviant, but still more than a little off-beat. Hazelwood hasn't recorded since the 70s, and is currently semi-retired in Sweden. Since he rarely tours, this may be one of the only chances you'll ever have to see him play.

THE DIVINE COMEDY

THR 26 SEP
AMBASSADOR **€35 - €37**

Neil Hannon's appearance at St Nicholas' Cathedral in Galway a month ago was the Northerner's first Irish appearance since he sacked his band late last year and announced his decision to follow a new direction. The change of direction was certainly overdue. But his decision to retain the services of two of his former bandmates as backing musicians suggests not only that his motivation was financial, but also that he hasn't a clue what to do next. He might have felt at home appearing alongside David Kitt and Lambchop, but the kind of cult credibility he enjoyed around the time of Promenade will prove very difficult to regain now that he has been a proper pop star. Ben Folds provides the (moral) support.

JAMES YORKSTON & THE ATHLETES

SUPP: THE LAST POST
FRI 27 SEPT
WHELANS **€13**

On first listen, James Yorkston's downbeat debut album sounds about as interesting as a five hour conversation with a Jehova's witness. A glance at the album sleeve shows Yorkston and his band the Athletes - a modest-looking bunch of ugly student types - sitting around a miserable flat rolling cigarettes, rowing a rickety boat across a lake and also walking around a forest in winter. Not what you might call a fun group of people.

However, things thankfully go rapidly uphill from here and a couple of spins reveal Moving Up Country to be an excellent, unpretentious collection of songs that will appeal to fans of Nick Drake, Leonard Cohen, Badly Drawn Boy and all the other bands that people with big jumpers and mountain boots like. Yorkston's lyrics are humorous and mainly detail his various encounters with women, but never fall into the feeling-sorry-myself category that so many people who make this kind of music do. Overall, this gig should be well

You have the Divine Right to remain silent

JUSTIN SULLIVAN (NEW MODEL ARMY)

SAT 28 SEPT
WHELANS **€15**

Love them or loathe them, there's no ignoring British punk-crusties New Model Army or their outspoken frontman Justin O'Sullivan. But this solo turn by O'Sullivan will inevitably provoke a frenzy of speculation about the future of the group famous for albums like Vengeance (1987) and Thunder and Consolation (1989). The official line from the band meanwhile remains that no one remembers who they are, that playing in Whelans' to one Hot Press journalist and his dog doesn't pay when split four ways, and that they plan to be drinking cider in a car park on the day. Curiouser and curiouser.

MCALMONT & BUTLER

SAT 28 SEPT
AMBASSADOR **€TBA**

Back in the mid 90s when people took bands like Cast and the Bluetones seriously, this pair were all over the press. Guitarist Bernard Butler - one half of the creative driving force behind Suede before they disgraced themselves - was being hailed as the new Phil Spector, and David McAlmont was being compared to a host of black soul divas.

These rather ridiculous likenings were all done on the basis of one decent single, Yes, but their album disappointed and after an acrimonious split - apparently Butler is about as pleasant as a cup of piss - they were both promptly forgotten about. Many years later,

Another Ponce

New Model Army boy

the pair of them have patched up their differences -and decided to give their guitar-inflected soul another go. McAlmont's voice is sometimes uncannily like that of a whinnying horse, but if Butler manages to come up with some Dog Man Star era material, this might be a welcome return. Both are quite flamboyant on stage, and should at least put on some sort of decent show.

HEM

MON 30 SEPT
SPIRIT **€14.50**

The 'trendy' Spirit nightclub on Middle Abbey Street is an unusual setting for Hem's Irish debut. Unusual, that is, in the sense that as obscure, American Belle & Sebastian-types you'd expect them to pop up in the Temple Bar Music Centre. And it's this lo-fi, folksy approach that prevents us firing off the standard continuing-in-that-fine-Velvets/Television/Ramones-tradition write up usually accorded to visiting New Yorkers. The closest N.Y. comparison we can come up with is to the annoyingly quirky Moldy Peaches. But even that's only because their album (which through word of mouth and poor conventional distribution became the top selling CD on Amazon) is called Rabbit Songs. That and the more recent I'm Talking With My Mouth EP are available in Europe through Setanta Records.

Write for us

Email

gigs@theslate.ie

The Great Abstract Electronica Swindle

SCHNEIDER TM

SUPPORT FROM KID 606
MON 23 SEPT
SPIRIT **€15**

WHILE THIS is a fine electronica double bill, it is also a prime example of the greedy carry-on you will see from agents and promoters at the highest level. Tiny independent operators Neuromantek have run a modest but successful electro and leftfield night at the Thomas House for nearly six months, buoyed by a hardcore of followers and some of Dublin most interesting new DJs. Having cobbled their pennies together with like-minds Front End Synthethics, they approached Kid 606's agent and secured a date from him, headlining The Project Arts Centre on September 19. A few days later they found out that MCD had contacted the agent and poached Kid 606 to play second fiddle to (good, but not in the same league) Schneider TM at Spirit four days later. It's difficult to tell who the fuck will be at this gig, as the money-hounds will have alienated the fiercely consolidated Dublin fan base with this move. For the record, both acts make challenging electronic dance music, right on the edge of what's danceable. Check Schneider's Moist album and Kid 606's Don't Sweat The Technics for a taster, but approach with caution.

Nixers.com

Someday you're going to need a job

Prancing luvvies on the loose

THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST

DIRECTOR: OLIVER PARKER
STARRING: COLIN FIRTH, RUPERT EVERETT, DAME JUDI DENCH

LEGENDARY OLD homo Oscar Wilde's deft comedy of mis-identity gets the big screen treatment, complete with a clutch of A-list luvvies virtually mudwrestling for centre-stage. The plot is a right pain in the hole to relay but here's a simple version: Jack (Colin Firth, accounting for 50% of the potential audience - Bridget Jones-style sadarses and menopausal ravers) is best mates with Algy (Rupert Everett, accounting for the other half - gay culture vultures and their hags). Both have invented mysterious friends (in Jack's case, his wayward brother Ernest) to escape their grim realities, but when Algy turns up at Jack's country house pretending to be Ernest at just the moment Jack is faking his brothers cremation, all sorts of entertaining chaos ensues. The sheer quality of the raw materials means that this film could never be less than watchable (and it has to be said, Judi Dench as Lady Bracknell is fantastic and effortlessly outclasses the rest of them). Squashed into celluloid though, Earnest loses the natural sparkle of live ensemble energy which ricochets around the drawing room on the stage or in your imagination.

Colin Firth: Sorry this photo is not of his arse, girls...

MY BIG FAT GREEK WEDDING

DIRECTOR: JOEL ZWICK
STARRING: NIA VARDALOS, JOHN CORBETT

Should have been called My Big Fat Greek Honker, given that every man-jack you set eyes on has a nose the size of Texas, including love interest John Corbett and he's not even Greek. The story concerns 30 year old Toula (Nia Vardalos) who, while not exactly a hound, is a pretty dodgy old bird who despairs of a bit of romance to take her mind off working in the family restaurant and sitting in between her exceedingly Greek parents on the sofa every night watching telly. Along it comes in the form of Ian (Corbett), vegetarian teacher and smug cunt with a ridiculous David Ginola hairstyle. They're a match made in

Accept me, you Greek bastards - I'm lovely!

Athena postcard hell but the big obstacle is...Ian's not Greek. What will Poppa say? Greek Wedding is a warm, well acted film laced with dry Chicago wit and not so much sophistication as to ruin the feelgood factor. And it's certainly smarter than your average US comedy. If there's a flaw in director Joel Zwicks gameplan it's chancing his arm with that most British of domains - embarrassment. The Brits could blush for a World XI and no amount of awkward American silences can measure up to Hugh Grant rushing into a room and going "bugger!". Otherwise, this film is well worth an afternoon of your time.

ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE MIDLANDS

DIRECTOR: SHANE MEADOWS
STARRING: ROBERT CARLYSLE, RICKY TOMLINSON

This movie is like a bad version of The Royle Family. Apart from the fact that Ricky Tomlinson plays exactly the same role in both, the film is scandalously derivative in the way it presents the bleak reality of working class life. Particularly unsettling is the sheer misery of its characters. Where the Royle Family is skilfully ambivalent in its treatment of everyday situations- and never sentimental - this shit goes horribly wrong by trying to give the depressing losers a happy ending. The people in the film are all such assholes that frankly they don't deserve any kind of happiness. And the humour is painfully obvious - the main character, played by Rhys Ifans, is clearly supposed to be funny, but ends up just being a paedophilic freak. However, more importantly, there is not nearly enough violence. Never has a film needed violence more, even just to punctuate the bullshit sentimentality. If this was real life, the characters would have all killed each other long before their lives had become so fuck-

Van Wilder liked to enter a room with his best mates hand up his hole

VAN WILDER
DIRECTOR: WALT BECKER
STARRING: RYAN REYNOLDS & TARA REID

Nothing like a good old American teen movie full of fart jokes and lobotomised Yanks getting into disastrous sexual mis-adventures. Van Wilder is The Man at his high school - the students love him and he loves them. Problem is, his old man won't stump up for any more tuition as Van Wilder, the big retard, has spent seven years in sixth grade without graduating. So he's got to raise the money himself - cue typical teen movie antics. Next the love interest locks in, in the form of yummy the straight-laced star reporter for the school magazine, assigned to tag along with Van Wilder for an interview. Then there's the massive feel-good finale with just the faintest odour of a moral. All the elements are here for a snorting good hormonal romp, in the mode of American Pie et al. And there's one truly disgusting gag which is right up there with Cameron Diaz' hairgel - go along at least for this. Good fun.

WINDTALKERS
DIRECTOR: JOHN WOO
STARRING: NICHOLAS CAGE & CHRISTIAN SLATER

The prospect of following Nicholas Cage's bee-stung face around some bleak WWII Japanese terrain for two hours is not a pretty one. But by the end of Windtalkers, you'll probably be glad you stuck it out. During the American invasion of Japan, Windtalkers were Native Indians recruited by the army as code-talkers, as the U.S. Army code was based on their language. Joe Enders (Cage) and Ox Anderson (Christian Slater) are two Sergeants assigned to protect the armies hottest Windtalkers, Yahzee and White Horse and so prevent the code being broken by the nasty nips. At first, Windtalkers comes on like a big ol' chest-beating propaganda exercise designed to manipulate post-September 11 emotions. Thankfully, as the film develops, so does its social conscience although it's clear that director John Woo (he of the infamous "symphony of bullets" shoot 'em ups Hard Boiled and Hard Target, not to mention MI:2) is constantly torn between making robust anti-war statements and letting rip with the Jap-scattering war-gasms. Although not quite in the same league as The Deer Hunter or Platoon, Windtalkers is an enjoyable movie which offers a little more than just porn for war-nerds.

SWEET SIXTEEN
DIRECTOR: KEN LOACH
STARRING: MARTIN COMPSTON & WILLIAM RUANE

Jesus. Can you say GRIM?? Director Ken Loach is the man who held up a new vision of English life in the 60s and 70s with films like Kes, Family Life and Up The Junction. Most of the time this made for compulsive viewing, but few would argue with how fucking depressing and severe his films were. Sweet Sixteen is in a similar vein, but the ante is upped by setting everything in that swinging hot spot, Grannocks in Scotland. Now we ask you, reader, what could be more miserable than watching two fifteen year old Scottish knackers comprehensively fuck up their lives in less than 90 minutes? Exactly, but - as always with Loach - there are moments of great warmth and humour in the story of Liam and Pinball and the acting is fantastic considering most of the cast are non-actors. In a nutshell, Liam wants to provide for his family so he turns to crime and gets screwed, dragging his lifelong mate Pinball down with him. It's heavy weather, but maybe not since Quadrophenia has the glory and the tragedy of the young working class alpha male been so well told. Go, but keep the razor blades handy

Pacino Walking in his sleep

INSOMNIA
DIRECTOR: CHRISTOPHER NOLAN
STARRING: AL PACINO & ROBIN WILLIAMS

Stare-you-in-the-face jokes about the irony of this film being called Insomnia are puerile, but under the circumstances, useful enough. Somnambulance would have been a better title. Al Pacino's missus recently dropped a sprog and maybe he had to do this film because the high-end carrycots and vaccination bills have left him short a few bob. Whatever the reasoning, Pacino plays Will Dormer, a (yawn) hard-bitten LAPD detective sent to Alaska with his partner Hap (Martin Donovan) to investigate a murder. To cut an awful lot of old bollox short, Dormer shoots Hap by accident (or was it? The two have a tense relationship which is quickly noticed by local rookie cop Ellie Burr) while in pursuit of chief suspect Walter Finch (Robin Williams).

This pivotal scene happens quite early in the film which gives director Christopher Nolan plenty of time to lovingly film the Alaskan landscapes, bathed in 24 hour sunshine, hence the movie title. It also gives Pacino time to develop his facial expression from I-killed-my-brother-Fredo to I-killed-my-brother-Fredo-and-I-haven't-slept-in-five-days.

If Robin Williams has a freaking jacuzzi in his trailer I want one too Mac...

It's not hard to guess the outcome but at least there's one great scene towards the end - a fabulous Celebrity Deathmatch style mill-up between Pacino and Williams (as well as stealing the show as the creepy Finch, Williams shows what a fucking vicious bastard he could be in a fight, which gives you even less reason to trust him than you thought). Ultimately both stars are too iconic to really fit into this little film and you just know they're making ends meet with it so wait until it comes out on video and you really can't sleep.

WATCHING THE Fringe Festival can sometimes be a bit of a Russian roulette experience - sort of like trawling through your own faeces trying to find the diamond ring that you accidentally swallowed. The big advantage is that any crazy person can stage any crazy kind of play, so there are always at least a few jewels amongst the shit.
This year is no different with all kinds of stuff that has clearly been rejected by every artistic director who has a clue how to make any money at all out of a play. The following are some of the shows that stood out from the press release blurb as being worth a visit. It should be said that at the time of writing, the festival hadn't even begun yet so it's probably best to go elsewhere if you want anything more than an educated guess.

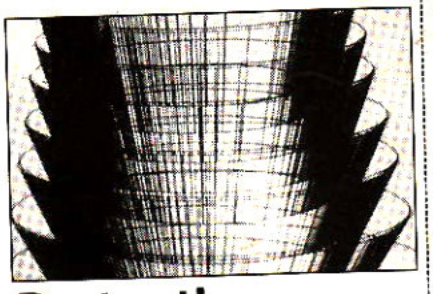
Music Events

ALL ABOUT LOVE
COBALT CAFE
30 SEPTEMBER - 5 OCTOBER

BLUE AWAY
COBALT CAFE
9 OCTOBER - 12 OCTOBER

GET UP
2 - 5 OCTOBER

Maria Tecce of The Jazz Exiles will be at the Cobalt Café in her new cabaret show, All About Love. Tecce is an electric performer and this show will undoubtedly be amazing. She draws on an eclectic bunch including Tom Waits, Marianne Faithful and Edith Piaf, and is well worth checking out. Also in the musical vein is Blue Away, a drag act, embarking on some kind of musical journey around the world. If you are into drag queens, you'll probably be there anyway, and if not it might be worth going along to have a look. Another one worth checking out is Get Up, a live art and mixed media showcase. Although both of the terms 'live art' and 'mixed media' should best be avoided, the previews for this show are great, claiming "raw stimulation for the most jaded of palates".



Pretentious Crap Section

NOTHING
PROJECT CUBE
4 - 5 OCTOBER

Judging by the press release, the winner of this year's steaming pile of pretentious shite award will go to Nothing at the Project Cube (4-5 October). This is described as a "unique platform for artists to present unique work in a unique context". They could have just saved everyone the bother and replaced the word unique with the word stupid. It may be over critical to automatically assume that "a chaotic resonating space embracing the atonal and the harmonic" will just be extremely annoying, but the chances are that the only thing this particular space will be resonating with is the sound of yawning.

Fuck the Police

ACCIDENTAL DEATH OF AN ANARCHIST
THE INTERNATIONAL BAR
24 - 28 SEPTEMBER

THIS SPACECRAFT production could be interesting. Adapted from Dario Fo's original script, it is based around the Mayday protest this summer, during which the pigs ran wild and started belting the shite out of innocent people. (Maybe one of the Spacecraft posse got milled by a cop and decided to take revenge from the safety of the stage.) According to the blurb, the play deals with "the erosion of civil liberties under the guise of war against terrorism". Coming just after the anniversary of September 11, this will hopefully provide some relief from all the boring, miserable crap that the Americans are bound to start exporting around the world any day now.

Remember this chap?

SOME DECENT LOOKING PLAYS

LADIES AND GENTS
ST. STEPHEN'S GREEN TOILETS
23 SEPTEMBER - 12 OCTOBER

ULTIMATE BLOOD DAMNED BY THE BELL
GUINNESS STOREHOUSE
11 OCTOBER

HULLABALOO
GUBU
23 - 28 SEPTEMBER DOORS 5PM

These are three of the more interesting-looking productions on the Fringe line-up. The first, Semper Fi's Ladies and Gents is unusual simply because it will be staged in the public jacks on St. Stephen's Green. It tells the story of the 1957 production of Tennessee Williams' The Rose Tattoo at the Pike Theatre in Dublin, and the mayhem and controversy it caused when a condom appeared on stage. Paul Walker's play uses this as a starting point from which to explore some of the seedier aspects of life - "fumbling in alleyways, secret rendezvous and perverse pleasures in the oddest places". This kind of carry-on in a public lavatory should be familiar territory to most of Dublin's arty theatre types (and their consorts). What Ladies and Gents will do is give the rest of us a great opportunity to meet them there without having to worry about accidentally dropping a €5 note on the floor.

Ultimate Blood Damned By The Bell at The Guinness Storehouse sounds like it could be a fairly mad evening and comes highly recommended by those close to the festival committee. Details are sketchy, but it appears that it is going to be some kind of battle of the bands affair, done in the style of WWF wrestling. The performance is followed by live DJs, so if you can find your way around the labyrinthine venue, it should be worth checking out.

Hullabaloo at Gubu is another one that is kind of different. Catapult Dance Company will be performing all over the pub, with the focus on contrapuntal rhythms, whatever they may be. There are some great advantages to this production - you don't have to buy a ticket, the bar remains open throughout, and you can talk and get loudly pissed and it's all part of the show.